

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JANUARY

1945



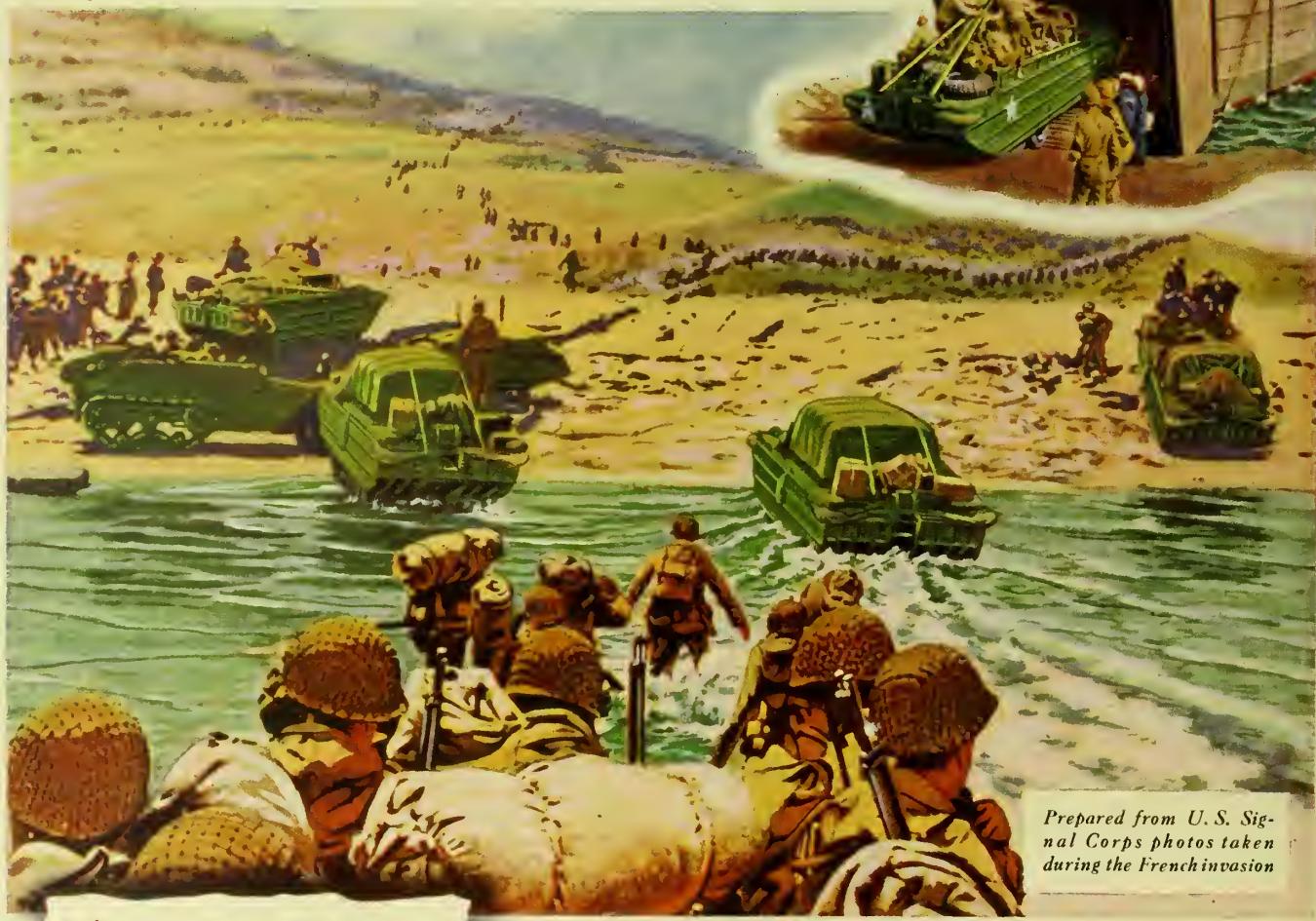
**Our
Spearhead Navy
By Paul Schubert**

**The Emperor
Must Go
By Carl Crow**

**Those GI Loans
By Ray Tucker**

**Mortgage Man
By Robert
Ormond Case**

"The Marvelous DUCK of American Invention" *



Prepared from U. S. Signal Corps photos taken during the French invasion

* From the British Prime Minister's recent address to the House of Commons

"The marvelous DUCK of American invention is a heavy lorry which goes between forty and fifty miles an hour along a road, plunges into water and swims out several miles to sea in quite choppy weather, returning to shore with a load of several tons and going wherever it is specially needed."



The amphibious truck or "Duck" has been in the vanguard of invasions from Normandy to New Guinea . . . whenever the success of the assault depended upon ship to shore transport. As brought out in the Prime Minister's description, the secret of the "Duck's" invasion value is its unique ability to travel on either land or water . . . carrying a load of several tons wherever it is needed most. Both the "Duck" and the Army's basic 2½-ton "six-by-six" truck are developments of GMC Truck & Coach Division, General Motors. To date, more than four hundred thousand of these vital and versatile vehicles have been supplied to American and Allied Armed Forces.

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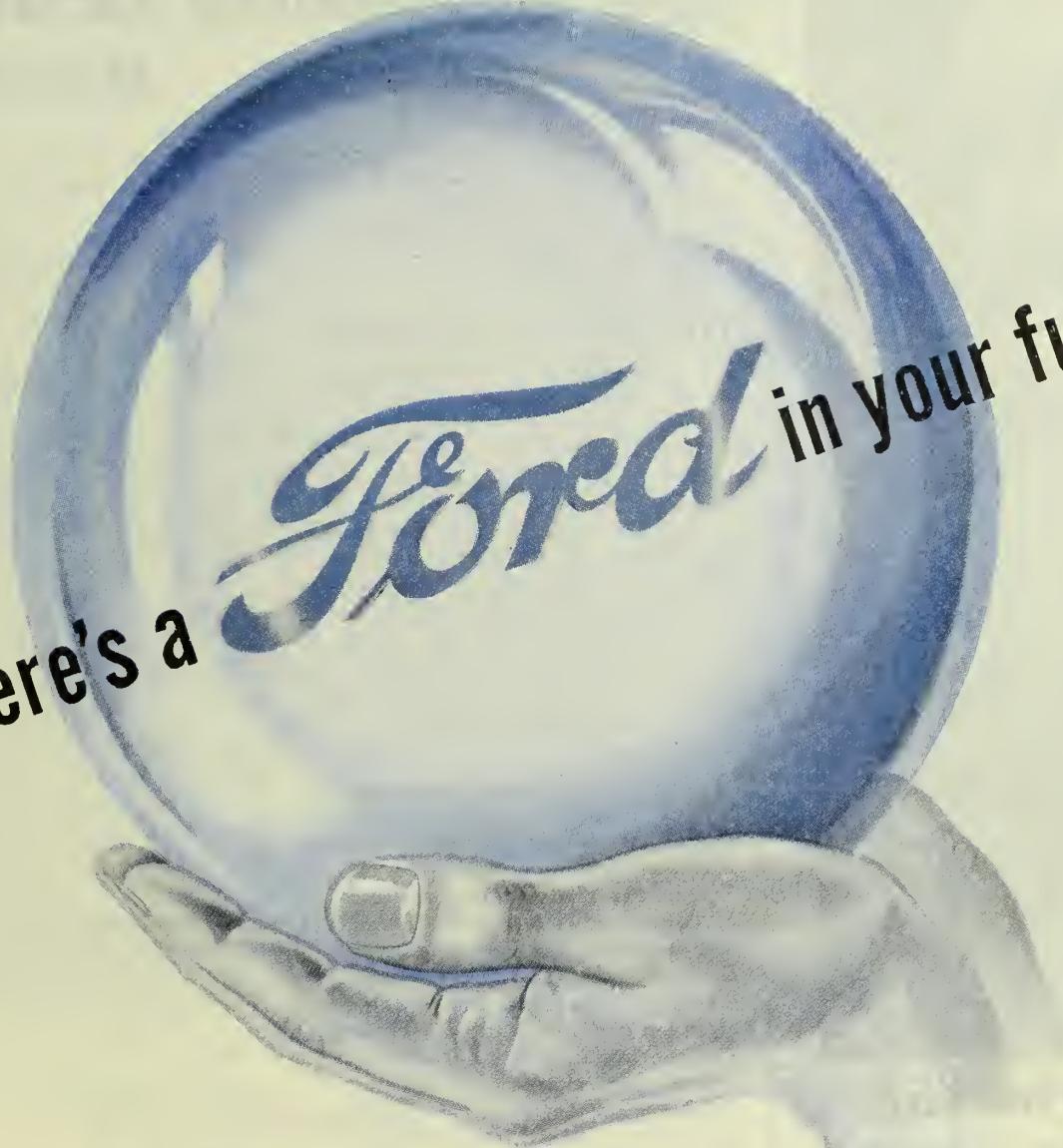


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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1945

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The Editor's Corner

WE ARE happy to offer in this issue an account of the operations in Leyte, Philippine Islands, by our War Correspondent Boyd B. Stutler, Managing Editor of this magazine. Boyd had previously sent us material from New Guinea and from Morotai, last stopping place of the MacArthur troops before the Philippine invasion. While he was still in New Guinea Boyd wrote this note about The American Legion Magazine in the jungle: "Found a copy of our magazine this morning—or rather, found a lad who gets it regularly

(Continued on page 5)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, you don't need to use first class mail. Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope.

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 45.

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



A photograph taken at a demonstration at Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murray Hill, New Jersey

U. S. invention helps shoot down Robot Bombs

The electrical gun director is one of Bell Telephone Laboratories' many wartime developments. It is made by the Western Electric Company. It practically takes the guesswork out of aiming and shooting the anti-aircraft guns that bring down enemy planes.

When artillery equipped with electrical gun directors moved up to England's buzz-bomb front, the picture changed for the better at once. Here's a typical day's record: One

hundred forty-three bombs reached the coastline. The R. A. F. accounted for thirty-five, seventeen were downed by barrage balloons, and the artillery using electrical gun directors bagged sixty-five. Only twenty-six got through.

Bell Laboratories goes right ahead with war work until our infantry takes Tokyo. Then it goes back to its regular job—keeping American telephone service the best in the world.



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AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Rafe's sub shore went down mighty purly . . . wonder ef he's figgered how ter git her up."

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"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the quick and accurate way of finding the spark plugs that are wasting gas . . . it puts the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to the mileage you are now getting from your coupons, according to tests by the American Automobile Association. Possibly all your present plugs need is cleaning or regapping—a "Plug-Chek" can give you the answer. But if new ones are needed install Auto-Lites . . . the spark plugs that are ignition engineered.



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Featuring men and women at the
fighting fronts



THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

from his father in Cumberland, Maryland. It is important to put more steam behind the national campaign to induce home readers to send our publication to men in service. This is a big area, there are a lot of men (as well as members of the WAC), and the camps are scattered. Reading matter is rather scarce and magazines are passed from tent to tent and billet to billet until they fall apart."

Note well the box at the bottom of page 2, which Tells All about how to do it.

JESSE Z. LURIE'S article *The Least of These*, in the September issue moved Legionnaire Erle P. Dudley, a captain of Engineers in the other war, to write us:

"As we arrived near St. Dizier, on the Marne River, early in January, 1918 we took over the support of two French orphans, brother and sister, probably prior to the time the formal adoption plans were lined up by *The Stars and Stripes*. They would come out to camp on Sundays and be swamped with gifts, so some of the boys suggested that a fund be started to take care of them and try and do something for their future. The donations were placed in a French bank and began to build up fast. When we left, the money was placed in sort of a trust account with the banker and Gendarme Nationale captain to administer it. I used to receive a statement once a year and received the final report about 1929. We had enough left to send the sister through their normal school and she was going to teach in their public schools. The brother had been given the equivalent of a high school education, had learned the machinist's trade, and was a toolmaker."

PFC A. N. HALL of the Army found in Normandy a mess cup of the First World War dated 1918 and bearing the initials T. W., Army Serial Number 16471. So he wrote his wife and asked her if it would be possible to secure identification of the former owner. Mrs. Hall lives at 32-38 150th St., Flushing, Queens, New York City, and she would be very happy to send her husband any clues to the identity of T. W.

ON PAGES 10-11, 22-23 you'll find material that should be of great interest to every service man and woman in the American forces, and to their fathers and mothers. In *Good Bye, Olive Drab!* John J. Noll tells about the way in which the GI gets his honorable discharge from the Army, while Ray Tucker gives in *Those GI Loans* the lowdown on how returning service folk may get the money they'll need for buying homes or establishing businesses. . . . *Task Force* by Hamilton Greene is a masterly account of how a self-contained army unit handles an operation of considerable proportions. ALEXANDER GARDINER

This could be Your Boy or Girl



THINK how proud you would be to have your boy or girl playing in band or orchestra concerts, or as a part of a fine marching band. Think of the wonderful opportunities that instrumental music holds for your children...in popularity...in group cooperation and leadership training...in interesting, enjoyable occupation of leisure time, alone or with friends.

Your boy or girl can play a band instrument...and play it well! Conn developments and patented features in mechanical and structural design help simplify learning.

Before long new Conn instruments will be produced which you will want for your children as they will be the finest band instruments humanly possible to build! At present Conn facilities are fully devoted to precision manufacture of aerial and marine navigation instruments, vital to the war effort.

FREE BOOKLET—"Music, The Emotional Outlet For Youth"

Send for this booklet which tells how music moulds character in youth; how it helps develop their mental and physical attitudes, keeps them busy but happy. Also tells how you as a parent can support the organization and maintenance of a school band and orchestra program, for the betterment of your community and your children. See your local Conn dealer, or write to C. G. Conn, Ltd., Dept. 1203, Elkhart, Indiana.





1945 • Year of Fulfilment

By EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING, Nat'l Commander

The year 1944 was noteworthy in the annals of The American Legion.

It was a year of preparation—of sound, constructive planning for the protection of our comrades, the veterans of two wars; for our fellow citizens, for our country, and for peace.

The preparation was well and ably done. The Legion is ready.

And 1945 must be the year in which those promises, those plans, are fulfilled. In this year, the country will look upon the Legion to redeem its pledges.

Now, at the start of this great year of opportunity and responsibility, let us review the task that lies ahead, so that we may fully understand it.

We insist upon the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan.

We believe in the vigilant, militant protection of peace, through an international association of free nations, armed with force for the instant halt of aggression, cloaked with authority to wield that force.

We believe in an internally strong, adequately armed America. For twenty-five years we have advocated a system of universal military training. The year 1945 must see such a system enacted into law.

We believe in a strong navy, air force and marine corps, capable of overcoming any probable combination of opposing forces. There must be no weakening of our defense should peace come in 1945.

We believe in the retention and control of the world-wide bases necessary for our national security.

The American Legion knows that peace cannot be achieved without the backing of a united nation. We will fight all enemies within our border. There can be only one thought, one inspiration in America: Americanism.

Our returning veterans must be assured a return to the opportunities, the economic and social position they would have enjoyed had they not



been called to service. They must not be handicapped because they fought for their country. That is the purpose of the GI Bill which The American Legion conceived. 1944 saw its passage, 1945 must see it translated into effective action, with red tape and confusing regulations eliminated.

There must be complete assistance to every veteran in obtaining proper employment upon his discharge. All veterans' employment laws must be administered aggressively and sympathetically.

We believe in increased hospitalization. 1945 must see that program in operation.

The year 1945 must see, too, an end to misery and hardship for all widows and orphans of both wars. We shall not have succeeded if we fail them.

These are the goals we must attain in 1945. They may be expressed in a single word—Americanism, as an active, vibrant force for peace, for prosperity, for freedom.

In achieving these goals, we shall have the help not only of our million and a half members, and of the six hundred thousand members of the American Legion Auxiliary, but we hope of other millions of veterans who are now fighting for the preservation of democracy.

It is an honor and a privilege to serve you as your National Commander, to have a part in winning these goals in this year of fulfilment.



Continental Red Seal Engines

POWER TO WIN

Another notable achievement of Continental is the powering of landing craft. Landing operations require the most dependable power, and it is of real significance that Continental Red Seal Engines were chosen to function in this important capacity.

It is, however, only one of many contributions Red Seal Power — the Power to Win — is making to speed the end of war.

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Buy War Bonds and Keep Them!

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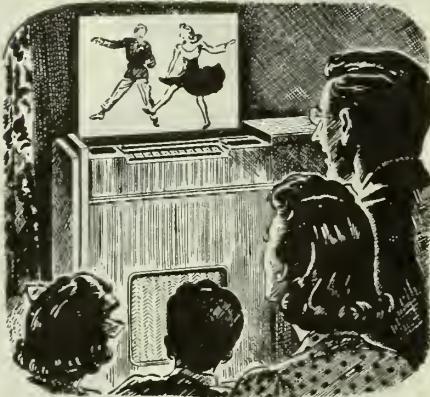


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General Electric answers your questions about

TELEVISION



Q. What will sets cost after the war?

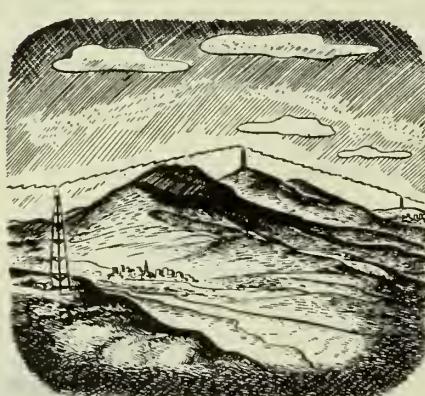
A. It is expected that set prices will begin around \$200, unless there are unforeseen changes in manufacturing costs. Higher priced models will also receive regular radio programs, and in addition FM and international shortwave programs. Perhaps larger and more expensive sets will include built-in phonographs with automatic record changers.

Q. How big will television pictures be?

A. Even small television sets will probably have screens about 8 by 10 inches. (That's as big as the finest of pre-war sets.) In more expensive television sets, screens will be as large as 18 by 24 inches. Some sets may project pictures on the wall like home movies. Naturally, pictures will be even clearer than those produced by pre-war sets.

Q. What kind of shows will we see?

A. All kinds. For example: (1) Studio stage shows—dancers, vaudeville, plays, opera, musicians, famous people. (2) Movies can be broadcast to you by television. (3) On-the-spot pick-up of sports events, parades, news happenings. G.E. has already produced over 900 television shows over its station, WRGB, in Schenectady.



Q. Where can television be seen now?

A. Nine television stations are operating today—in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, and Schenectady. Twenty-two million people—about one-fifth of all who enjoy electric service—live in areas served by these stations. Applications for more than 80 new television stations have been filed with the Federal Communications Commission.

Q. Will there be television networks?

A. Because television waves are practically limited by the horizon, networks will be accomplished by relay stations connecting large cities. General Electric set up the first network five years ago, and has developed new tubes that make relaying practical. G-E station WRGB, since 1939, has been a laboratory for engineering and programming.

Q. What is G. E.'s part in television?

A. Back in 1928, a General Electric engineer, Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, gave the first public demonstration. Before the war, G. E. was manufacturing both television transmitters and home receivers. It will again build both after Victory. Should you visit Schenectady, you are invited to WRGB's studio to see a television show put on the air.

TELEVISION, another example of G-E research

Developments by General Electric scientists and engineers, working for our armed forces in such new fields as electronics, of which television is an example, will help to bring you new products and services in the peace years to follow. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio program: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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A Little Blood More or Less

by Joe Archibald

Illustrated by WALTER RICHARDS

THE supply detail, each man carrying a fifty-pound case of C or K rations on his shoulder, climbed to the old Eytie railroad bed which Yank engineers had converted into a passable motor road, and looked down upon the open field they had to cross before any kind of shelter would be afforded them. Sweat furrowed the dust caked on their faces and their labored breathing seemed to carry for miles through the intense quiet that gripped the outer fringe of the front. Sergeant Mansky put down his supply case and sat on it, and said irritably, "All right, mules. You got just two minutes."

A little soldier with a receding chin and tufts of taffy-colored hair sticking out from under his helmet, stumbled when he reached the road and his ration case tumbled down the bank and made a clattering sound against the rocks below.

"It would be you, wouldn't it, Burgo?" The sergeant swore, swiveled around on the seat of his pants and glared at the offender. "Listen, rabbit-head, the Krauts are over in yon hills lookin' for things t' throw shells at an' you—!"

"I'm sorry, Sarge. I went an' sprained my ankle, I think." Private Burgo groaned and started removing a muddy shoe.

"Somebody," Mansky said, "is always messin' up the detail." He pawed at his grimy face and squirmed on the ration case like a small boy behind a desk in school on a balmy morning in May. Any moment now he expected to hear the ominous crump of Nazi 88's and the ensuing whistling squeal of shells. There were two more open fields to cross before they got to the command post and between it and the mule-head was a creek that had been a favorite target for the Nazi artillery for many days. He snapped, "Burgo, can you keep goin'?"

"Yeah, it wa'n't as bad as I thought, Sarge." The soldier slid down the side of the roadbed to retrieve his burden, and the non-com grinned with relief.

They crossed the open field, feeling as big as giants clad in shining armor, and expected the Nazis to let go with the stuff, every slogging step they took. Angling toward a wooded valley floor and out of the direct heat of the sun, they increased their pace until a significant sawing sound from above tore the order, "Down, you guys!" from Sergeant Mansky's throat.

Burgo said, "That's no bomber or fighter, Sarge," and rolled over on his back and looked up at a patch of sky. "There it is, one of them puddle-jumpers, one of them grasshoppers."

Mansky got up and stared at the little liaison plane and saw a small white chute open up below and behind it. He growled, "We wouldn't have t' be mules if the army would drop everythin' down from airplanes. I don't see why—"

"It must be important," Burgo grinned as he lifted his case of rations with a prodigious grunt. "Some brass hat maybe forgot his portable phonograph."

"Ver-r-y funny," Mansky sniffed. "Let's get goin'."

(Continued on page 32)

Mansky watched a Medical Corps man take a letter out of the dead soldier's pocket





Men arriving at Separation Center, Fort Dix, for discharge



Maj. Louis O. Martin
is interviewed by Lt.
Henry Schoenfeld, Jr.,
Counselor

M/Sgt. Jos. L. Moore
receives ear examination
from Maj. J. A.
Brussel, MC...



...and dental inspection
at hands of Capt.
Monroe La Beure, MC.

Finale! Pvt. George
Frazier fingers his final
pay and discharge
certificate

Good Bye, Olive Drab!

By John J. Noll

Here's the answer to the \$64 question every service man and woman will eventually ask: "What's the score on discharges?" This is how the Army does it. Next month, the Navy.

WHAT makes a Separation Center of the Army tick? A flashback of the memory to twenty-five years ago brought a picture of the discharge mill through which we doughboys of another war had wended our way, a mill in which the final physical exams were but cursory, where the officers were begrudgingly doing a final tour of duty, wherein little advice was sought by the soon-to-be veterans and even less offered by the brasshats, and the only goal was the all-important Discharge Certificate.

But after our party, which included the Art Director and photographers, had checked into Fort Dix, New Jersey, we soon learned that this is indeed a different Army from that we knew—an Army that has benefited from the mistakes of the past. Now, instead of being just another figure in O. D. to be passed through to discharge with as much expedition as possible, a soldier is a man, an individual soon to resume his place in civilian life, who is extended every aid in preparing to meet the problems he might be called upon to face.

Enlightenment began with our introduction to Lt. Col. Colin D. MacRae, Commanding Officer at the Fort Dix Separation Center, whose personal, human interest in the thousands of men passing through the Center was immediately evident. It continued throughout the course of the GI Assembly Line—an assembly line with a heart, with sympathetic understanding, with a will to give service.

The Separation Center at Dix was activated on March 30, 1944, by the War Department as an original unit, as part of the general plan of demobilization, to ascertain

(Continued on page 43)

Now that they're out of the Army, what next? See Ray Tucker's "Those GI loans" on page 22.



Cpl. Frank A. Matthews, 32, Hudson, N. H., CAC mechanic-armorer, S. W. Pacific, and civilian landscape gardener, expects to operate summer camp with GI Bill loan aid



Pvt. James R. Clark, 14, McKeesport, Pa. Enlisted at 12 after brother lost life on Guadalcanal. Discharged for age. Going to school



Pvt. Geo. T. Knax, 38, Baltimore, Md. Served 2½ years with CAC in United States. Wants job as waiter on coastwise steamships



Pvt. W. H. Terry, 22, Alderson, W. Va. In invasion of Sicily and Italy with 45th Div. Was farmer. Aim: To become owner of trucking business



Pvt. Reggiero Figliuzzi, 21, Bronx, New York City. Tank destroyers and Signal Corps. Aim: His own radiator business. Father is a Legionnaire



Pvt. Bernard McPeak, 31, Columbia, Pa. 2½ years in various branches. Former student Union College (Va.). Has job as airfield mechanic



Left—Pvt. Joseph Aden, 18, Brooklyn, N. Y. Was clerk. Wants radio work, has operator's permit. Right—Pvt. Chas. J. Faust, Jr., 24, Bristol, Va. Job as welding instructor awaiting him



Pvt. Herbert M. Helmig, 39, Baltimore, Md. With 266th Engrs., Camp Rucker, 14 months. Wants job with Government Printing Office



Cpl. Gilbert Morrow, Beaver, Pa. With 172d Inf., 43d Div., 14 months, 18 overseas. Real estate and insurance. Wants his own concern



PFC Walter A. Reese, 27, Chesapeake, W. Va. Two years with the Engrs. Mine worker. Wants vocational training as mechanic



PFC John M. Bell, 37, Rutherford, N. J. 2½ years as hospital worker and at Induction Center. Undecided about civilian work



Retreads: Left—PFC Menda Sarda, Newark, N. J. Aim: Government clerk. Right—Cpl. Louis J. Sullivan, 45, Fall River, Mass., Tunisia veteran. Hopes to get personnel job



Cautiously she looked around the bush. The man lying there had a gun

JESS PRITCHARD intended to get up early that morning and slip off to join the posse without wakening the household, but when he brought his horse back to the cabin door he found that his wife, Linda, was up and had the bacon frying.

They pulled up their chairs quietly, so as not to waken Mandy. For a while they ate in silence, then Linda said: "Must you go up there, Jess? If he's cornered, and probably wounded, can't the posse take him without your help?"

"They won't take him alive," Jess said. "I know Slim. And I've got to talk to him before he passes out."

"But he'll do you some harm. He's like a snake, a crippled snake!" Linda's smooth cheeks began to flush. They'd argued all this in the night. "Hasn't he done enough to us all these years?"

"I've got to talk to him," Jess said. "Ten years is a long time to hold a grudge. It grows on you, down there in a Mex jail. Particularly," Jess continued, looking at

her over his cup, "when he was sweet on you."

"I didn't ask him to. I never had anything to do with him. You know that."

"It's all right," Jess said. "He couldn't help hoping. That's why I've got to give him the straight of it. I did send the money down there, like I promised—and old Don Eduardo put it in his pocket. And then sent back word that Slim had died in prison!"

"And you've slaved here for years," Linda said, bitterly, "trying to make it up. That mortgage has eaten the heart out of you. Not to mention what it's done to Mandy and me—"

"Hush," Jess said. "That's the way things break sometimes. The point is, old Slim can't lay up there on the ridge, crippled, figuring I double-crossed him. He can't pass out thinking he never had a friend in the world. It ain't right. . . . Well, I'll get going."

He'd just taken his rifle from the rack

when Mandy came out of the bedroom, rubbing her eyes. She had on her bib overalls and pink sweater. She was nine years old, going on ten, and healthy as clover, with yellow pigtails hanging down her back. "Let me ride a piece with you, Daddy," she said.

"Not too far," Jess said, his eyes crinkling a little. Jess didn't think any more of Mandy than of his hopes of salvation. "Keep an eye on her this morning, Linda. He's cornered up there, but I'll breathe easier when this business is over."

"I know what you're talking about," Mandy said. "I heard you in the night."

"Playing 'possum, eh?" Jess said. "Well, come along, Miss 'Possum. It won't be long, Linda."

He took Mandy up in front of him. She stood with one bare foot on the saddle-horn and the other on his cartridge belt and leaned back against him. He held her with his left arm and walked the horse to the

Illustrated by LARRY BUTCHER

A Western Story
with a Heart Tug

MORTGAGE MAN

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

mouth of the canyon. The homestead was on a small flat which opened east. It was just sun-up, and the slope on the left was still in the shadow, but the south slope and the cliff there were in the full sunlight. The shallow creek was dancing with light and dew sparkled in the alfalfa.

"How do you kill a crippled snake?" Mandy asked.

"You hear too much," Jess said, chuckling. "We'll have to trim your ears, Mandy. . . . Well, this is far enough. Down you go. Be a good girl, now. Mind your mother."

He waved at her and rode off, swinging south around the corner.

Mandy started back toward the cabin slowly, wriggling her toes in the warm dust of the wagon road which paralleled the creek. Linda put her head out the door. "Your breakfast isn't ready yet. I'll call you, honey." It was so quiet in the canyon that the cliff said it right back across the alfalfa, "I'll call you, honey."

A grasshopper flew up suddenly and went "clackety-clack" up the slope at the left. Mandy chased it and when it settled down she almost got her hand on it. She wasn't going to hurt it; she just wanted to see it chew tobacco. But to her disgust it flew away again, almost up to the foot of the cliff. It was too big to catch, anyway.

Then she saw a man's feet sticking out from behind a big clump of chaparral. She went up cautiously and looked around the bush, bending over, her braids hanging down. The man was lying on his left side and he looked tired and sleepy. His clothes were all dusty and torn, and there was blood on his knees, like he'd been crawling over rocks. The butt of his rifle rested against his right shoulder and the muzzle lay in a crotch in the bush, pointing toward the cabin.

He wasn't asleep, though. He was looking at Mandy over his shoulder. His face was all sunken in, and his curly hair, which had silver sparkles in it, hung low over his eyes. They were tired-looking eyes, and dust was caked all around them.

He said in a husky voice: "Hello, Mandy."

"Hello," she said. "How did you know my name?"

"Well," the man said, "I can hear, too. . . . I'm a friend of your daddy's, Mandy. I knew him down in Mexico." He spoke slowly, like he was getting sleepier all the time, but his eyes stayed open. He was getting the rifle out of the crotch, bringing it around. He acted like the rifle was so heavy that he could hardly move it, but finally it lay across his sprawled legs, pointing at her. "So your daddy's going to help kill a crippled snake, is he?"

"Not really a snake," Mandy said. "It was a man named Slim. . . . My daddy says you shouldn't point a gun at anybody," she said, severely. "Even if it isn't loaded."

"It's loaded," the man said, "but I'm only pretending. Like I was pretending when your daddy rode by, but he was holding you up close against him. And your mother didn't stand in the door long enough. . . . But I guess you'll have to foot the bill, at that, Mandy. It's the only way to reach them now." He was watching her, without winking. "So his name was Slim, eh? Your daddy hates him?"

"Oh, no," Mandy said. "It's mother that hates Slim."

"Your mother?" the man said, and Mandy felt sorry for him. His face got kind of twisted, like a boy with a toothache. "Why?"

"On account of the more-gage. Sometimes she even cries about it. You see," Mandy explained, "daddy had to put a more-gage on the place so he could send some money down to Mexico. I don't know why, but Slim needed it. That was a long time ago. If it wasn't for the more-gage, mother says, we could be living down in the Valley, closer to schools and all." Mandy smiled. "I like it here. I've got a horse named Peter, and sometimes—"

"Never mind about Peter," the man said. "I'll bet he's a fine horse. . . . Listen, Mandy—" Then he broke off and looked through the bush. "I don't want your mother to know I'm here. Tell her you'll be down in a minute."

Her mother was looking out the cabin door, shading her eyes, getting ready to call her. "Just a minute," Mandy said.

"All right," her mother said. "But hurry." And the far cliff said: "But hurry."

"Yes," the man said, nodding a little, his eyes half-closed.

"We've got to hurry. . . . I was going to ask you to get me a drink of water from the creek. In that little tin bucket. I'll bet it's your bucket, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mandy said. "I'll get you a drink."

"No," the man said. He had been holding up his head with his left hand, his elbow propped, but now he lowered his head to his arm. "I've cut it too thin, Mandy," he said. "I'll just pretend I had a drink. . . . So your daddy sent the money down to Mexico, did he?"

"Yes, and a Don Something-or-other kept it. Then he told daddy that Slim had died. . . . Why don't you come down and have some breakfast?" Mandy asked. "Then you can take a nap on my bed."

"No, I haven't time, Mandy. But you're a fine girl. I've even pretended I had a girl like you. Only I called her Linda."

"That's mama's name," Mandy said.

"I know," the man said. He certainly was sleepy. His right hand had kind of uncurled from his rifle and lay down beside him. The sun had moved around a little, so it was shining on his face.

"Listen," he said, very slowly. "Are you there, Mandy? After you've had your breakfast, tell your mother to come up here and take my rifle and stand here until the posse comes. Then all the reward money's hers. . . . Do you get it, Mandy?" He had a kind of nice smile, even if his face was caked with dust. "I came back to pay the mortgage. Your mother will understand. Tell her she mustn't hate me any more. . . . Well, so long, Mandy."

When the posse came, Mandy couldn't understand why they were so excited. The horses were all lathered and puffing. Her daddy snatched her up and hugged her and said, "Where's mother? Is she all right?"

"Of course she's all right," Mandy said, severely. She pointed up the slope to where her mother was standing by the bush with the rifle. "The more-gage man's there. And you better be quiet," Mandy said. "He's sound asleep. Mother put a sheet over him, to keep the sun out of his eyes."



Task Force

By HAMILTON GREENE



Completely on its own until it has accomplished its mission, the Task Force has no set Table of Organization. Ham Greene here shows you by word and sketch how one of these armies-within-an-army did its stuff

The general wanted a bridge, and the Engineers obliged

With the 9th U. S. Army
THE column was barreling down the road in a cloud of dust and gas exhaust, and they were making good time, when from up front came a messenger from the Recon Troop. He reported they'd spotted five Mark IV tanks fleeing like mad before the advancing Americans.

The general climbed out of his jeep, wiped the dust off his face and neck, blew his nose, and said, "Hell. Have the P-47's blow holes in the road ahead of them so they can't move. Then have the 105's knock them into junk. Then have the tankdozers come along and shovel the junk out of the way."

So that's the way they did it. First the planes came slamming out of the blue to pick up the little knot of Jerry tanks scurrying down to the road toward Ste.-Suzanne. They placed their eggs deftly, making a ring of impassable bomb craters. One tank went crazy and dumped into one of the craters, ramming its long gun barrel deep into the smashed earth, and sticking itself like a bug on a pin to the bottom of the hole. Then the field artillery opened up and knocked the other immobile tanks into piles of flaming scrap.

The liaison Cub, hovering overhead to give correction for the gunners, called it quits at just the right moment, and seconds later the tankdozers came clanking up to sweep the broken metal to one side, and fill in the bomb craters. They neatly leveled over the skewered tank that squatted grotesquely in its open grave, at the same

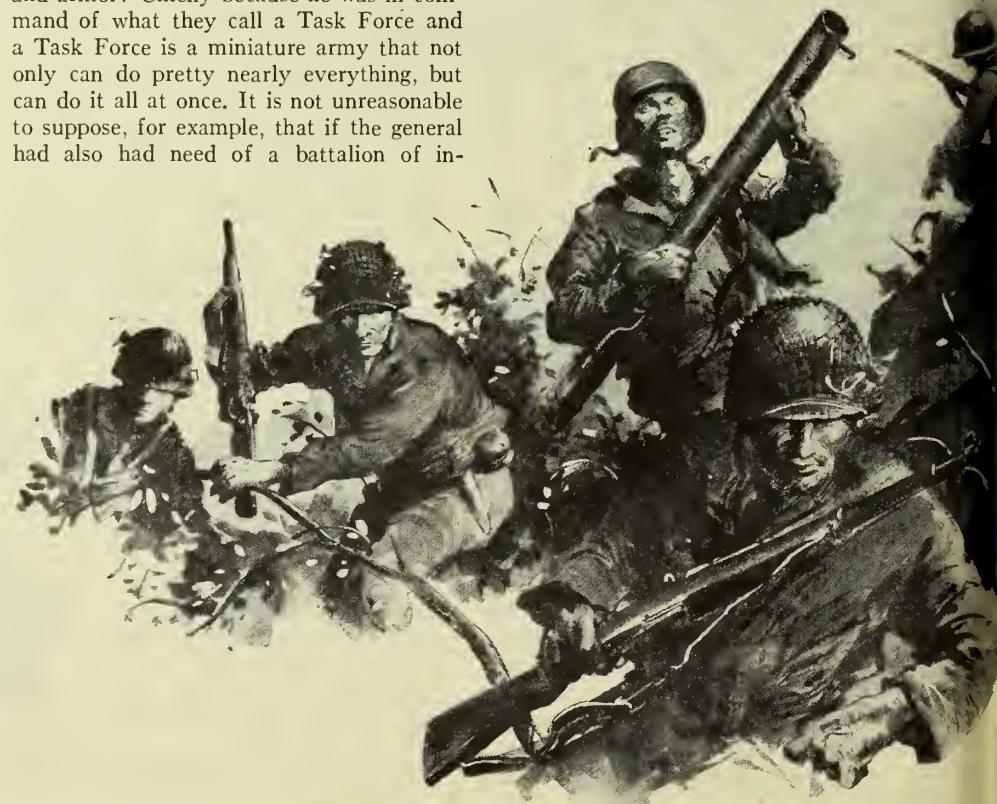
time giving adequate burial to the charred bundles of rags and flesh that lay huddled nearby.

A little later the column was rolling once more—on its way to complete the mission. That knot of Mark IV's had delayed them less than half an hour.

Now how could the general pull stuff like that? How could he get such nicely-timed co-ordination between planes, guns and armor? Chiefly because he was in command of what they call a Task Force and a Task Force is a miniature army that not only can do pretty nearly everything, but can do it all at once. It is not unreasonable to suppose, for example, that if the general had also had need of a battalion of in-

fantry to assist in the attack by crossing over a river hastily bridged by a bunch of engineers, he could have marshaled these forces with equal facility and with equal speed.

In other words, any Task Force is a group of specialists who temporarily are put together under a single command, with the idea of getting a job wrapped up, sealed, and delivered in record time. When-



The Long Tom moved up
and let the enemy have it

Illustrated by
the Author
at the front

ever a rather sticky job rears its ugly head, the staff usually goes into a huddle and dreams up a Task Force to handle it.

There's another thing worth taking note of, which is a little beside the point, but nevertheless is quite characteristic of the American Army. The staff will always dope out a combination of task force units so that whatever the expenditure may be, it will be in terms of bullets or equipment, instead of in lives. The Americans are notably funny that way, and in this connection, let me give you a concrete example.

I once stood on a hilltop with a colonel and watched him direct a Task Force in an attack on a small town on the Moselle River. He had P-47's dive-bombing it, he

had artillery of all kinds blasting it, and he had tanks covering the infantry that was moving into position to occupy it. There was an awful lot of smoke and noise. Then he told me he was going to send in the infantry to take the town when darkness fell. "If you want to know how I like to see towns taken," he said, "you might go along with those infantrymen."

So I did. We crept down the hill into a mass of broken rubble, and if you think we had to stumble into a hail of fire over heaps of dead and dying American troops, you are quite wrong. We didn't draw a shot, and we didn't lose a man. I saw what the colonel meant. As director of a Task

Force composed of several different types of armament, he had been able to nullify completely all enemy resistance before he exposed a single rifleman. As I dodged around the ruins, taking cover from an enemy that simply wasn't there, I couldn't help but think that the colonel had exploited his Task Force in a manner with which I was heartily in favor.

Not all missions assigned to Task Forces pan out, of course. But more and more, commanders find in them the best means of expediting the stinkeroos of this war. I know, for example, of one particular Task Force that did a job of really historic proportions during the pursuit phase of the Battle for France. A brief look at their methods might serve to give you something of an idea of the way they operate.

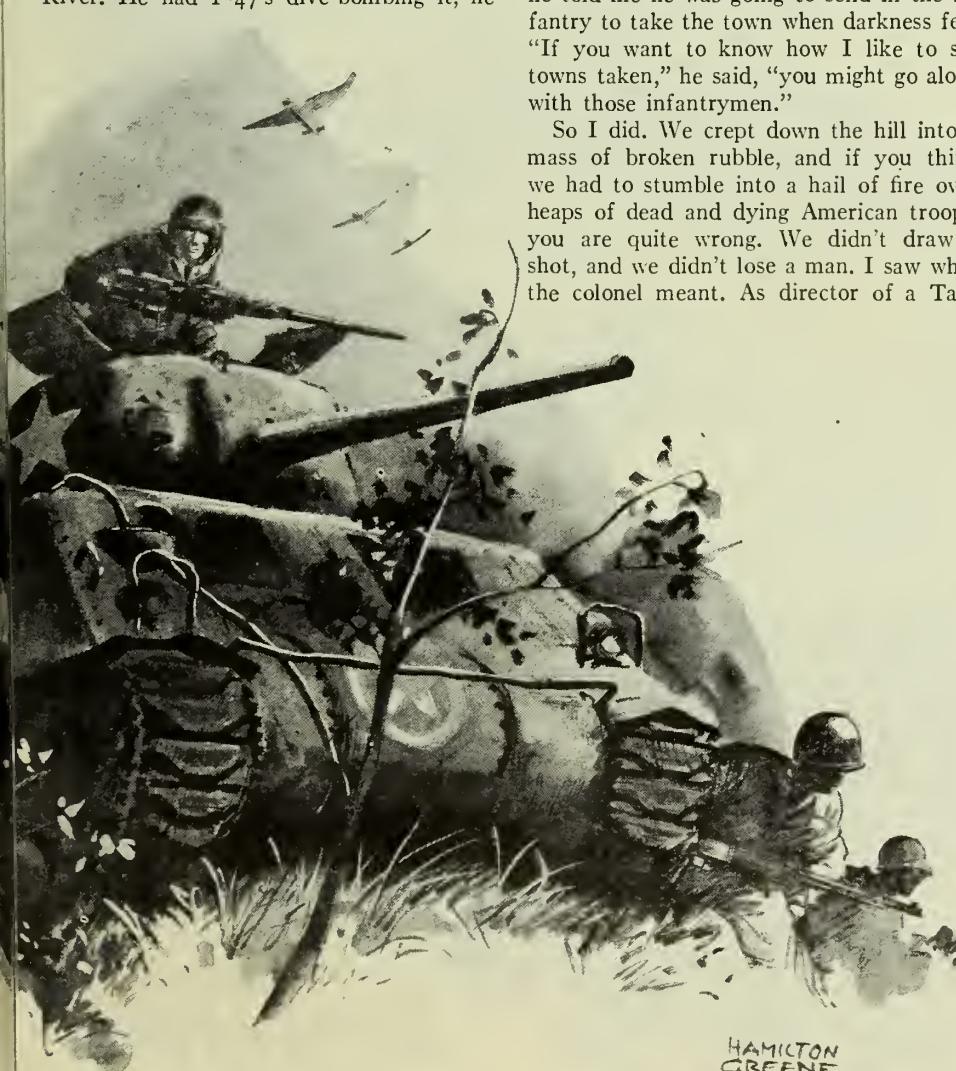
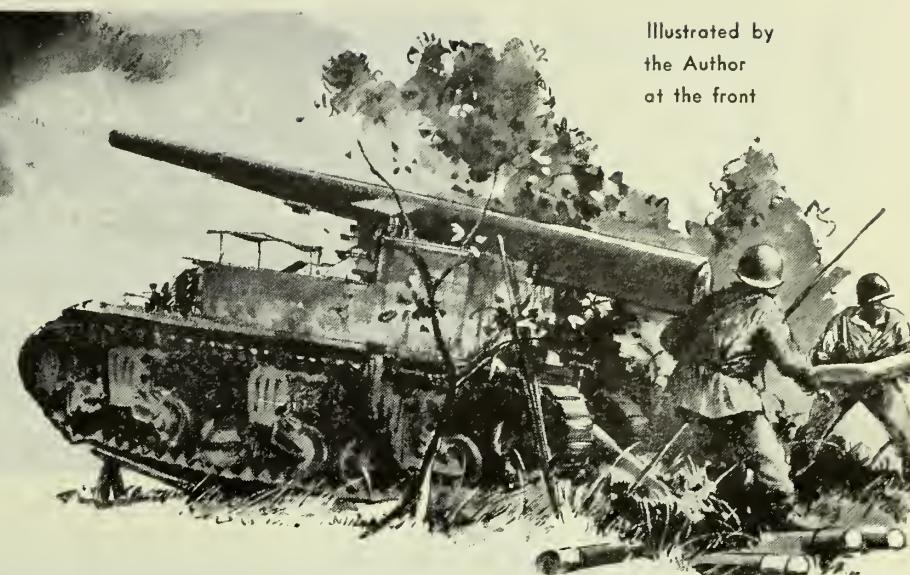
This force was activated soon after the American breakthrough at St. Lo, and you will remember that at this time one of our forces had pushed past Avranches to burst into Brittany and explode in all directions, while another thrust was preparing to execute a looping drive toward Paris.

Now to initiate the Paris drive, the successive occupation of Mayenne and Le Mans was immediately necessary, and that was the mission given to this Task Force.

The general is a daring officer with a lot of color and he can really handle diverse units. Tall, athletic and with thick, black hair, you'd never guess he was graduated from West Point as long ago as 1912. (Incidentally, several wars have evidently convinced him that dodging artillery or automatic fire is a waste of time. He's been hit, of course, but to this day nobody has ever seen him duck).

The general got his orders to take Le Mans, when the 90th Division was at St. Hilaire-du-Harcouët, and at this point, Le Mans lay 82 miles behind the enemy lines. There were a lot of things concerning the capture of this town that the staff did not

(Continued on page 49)



HAMILTON GREENE

Right and left the infantry deploy from the tank

Leyte, Philippine Islands
IT IS A-Day, October 20, 1944—the day of the strike for liberation and the restoration of civil rights and civil government to the people of the Philippines.

It is early morning on the troopship. Reveille is sounded at 3:40. There is an air of tense expectancy all about, but no jitters and no shrinking from the task of the morning. Officers and men talk as they eat a hearty breakfast, but there is little talk of war or invasion.

The combat troops comprise a full battalion of battle-hardened men of the 34th Infantry, 24th Division—bronzed, lean soldiers who have not seen the home shores since December 16, 1941, when they sailed for Hawaii. They have been through landings on hostile shores under heavy enemy fire, veterans of Hollandia and Biak, and they know the ordeal that faces them.

Officers pass back and forth, checking on last minute details. Rifles are given another cleaning. Heavy weapons are carefully examined.

The ship plows slowly up Leyte Gulf and enters San Pedro Bay. Away up in the distance, in the half-light of early dawn, bulk the unmistakable shapes of Uncle Sam's fighting ships—battlewagons, cruisers, tin cans and all the warships that go to make a task force. Flashes of bright orange light in serried rows tell us that the great armada is pounding away with all of its guns long before we are within sound of the firing.

We knew, of course, that naval forces of the Seventh U. S. Fleet, commanded by Admiral Kinkaid, with supporting elements of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet, had begun the bombardment the day before. Radio had kept us informed of the progress of the action. At the same time Radio Tokyo blared news of the overwhelming defeat of

As We Landed on Leyte

By Boyd B. Stutler

American Legion War Correspondent

the naval task force and of the sinking of at least fifty-two American warships. Tokyo Rose and other propagandists bombarded the invasion fleet with stories of the Japanese victory, of the frenzied joy of the people of Nippon, and of the great victory celebrations being held throughout the empire.

The great fleet bearing the army of liberation and its auxiliary troops, with cargo ships laden with supplies, was composed of approximately three hundred vessels of all sizes, including the cruisers, destroyers, carriers, and other warship escorts. The fleet moved on slowly, steadily, relentlessly. As we neared the point of attack the Australian heavy cruisers, part of the convoy escort, pushed ahead and took a place on the line of attack. We could now hear the blasts of the big guns and see the smoke as it drifted upward from the line of battle. We could also see the bursts of red fire with black and yellow smoke as the shells landed on targets back of the beach.

Eight o'clock. The landing boats are launched and the first four assault waves take their places. Some are loaded from the rail on the upper decks, but most of the men scramble down the landing nets, burdened with combat packs and weapons, to take their places in the craft. Still no

demotion and liberation. Soldiers clamored for the honor of carrying it ashore. Thomas won in a lottery when the names of all of the men in the first wave were written on slips of paper, shaken up in a helmet and a single drawing made. The flags were given into the keeping of the two soldiers by Captain John C. Lester, USN, of Baltimore, Md.; in a ceremony witnessed by the troops and by the regimental and battalion officers.

H-Hour approaches. Fire from the warships increases to drum-fire intensity. A line of smaller ships draw nearer the shore to loose a barrage of rocket bombs. The booming guns, with the rockets added, resembled nothing less than a giant drummer beating a devil's tattoo on a gigantic drum. "I don't see how anything can live under that barrage," said a young officer with in-drawn breath. Then the firing slacked for a few minutes to permit the air force to strike and the observer planes to take a quick view of the enemy positions.

H-Hour. Ten o'clock. Timed precisely to hit the beach at exactly the same minute on a mile-long line, the signal is given and the boats carrying the first assault wave head for the shore, streaking out in a broad ribbon in advance of the dozens of trooper

(Continued on page 40)

Drawing by
CARL PFEUFER



The dogs work with the forward scouts in rooting out the Japs

Over Highways of Tomorrow

In many parts of America, the highways of tomorrow are already here. And plans for more of these better highways are well under way . . . wide, safe thoroughfares between cities . . . and routes that stretch through scenic splendor to all the wonder spots of the nation.

Over these highways, you will ride in tomorrow's intercity buses . . . buses that will bring you comfort, convenience, and luxurious innovations never enjoyed before. You also will have a growing number of spacious new terminals, improved restaurant and comfort facilities, fast and frequent schedules, better service in every way.

Some of these improvements will come almost immediately with the end of the war. Others will follow quickly. Still others must await a clearer understanding of post-war problems and post-war needs. Just as the bus lines have proved a powerful force in meeting the transportation needs of a nation at war, so will they continue to prove a powerful force in furthering the nation's peacetime advancement.

INVEST IN AMERICA'S FUTURE. BUY WAR BONDS!



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Anyone who knows can tell the **REAL THING!**



ONE of the most welcome of all gifts this Christmas is a bottle of that noble whiskey which is *unmistakably* "the real thing."

That, as students of fine whiskey know, describes Calvert. One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence...a whiskey that can't be imitated!

That's why the *preference* for Calvert never changes, no matter how

many other whiskies may come along.

In fact, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now...Calvert *was*, and *is*, the whiskey most often asked for by name."

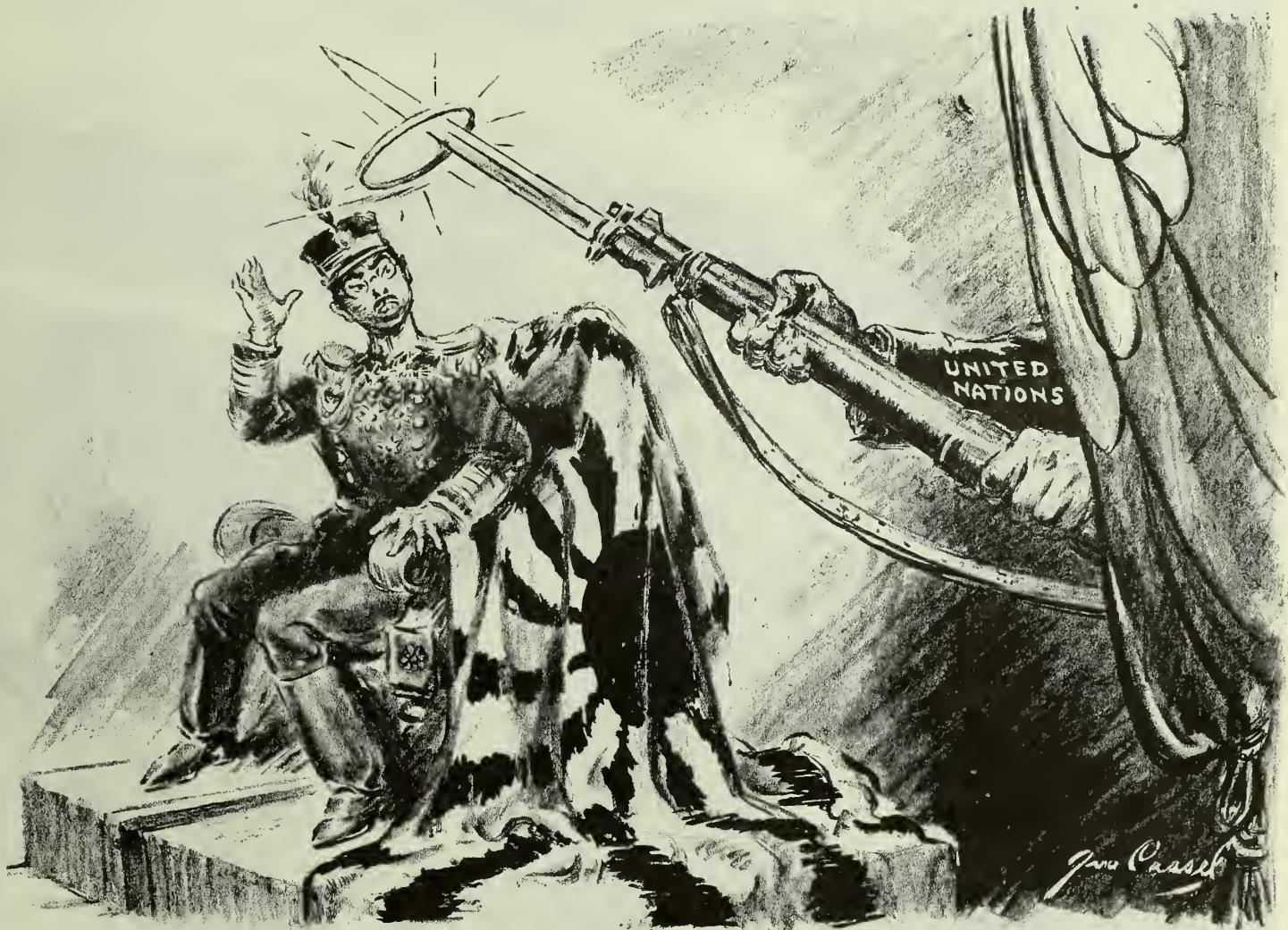
Fortunately, a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is now available. So this holiday season, *you'll* be able to give—and yourself enjoy—this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

AMERICA'S FINEST
BLENDED WHISKIES—
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!



Today, more than ever...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



Cartoon by JOHN CASSEL

MY EXPERIENCE with the people of Japan extends over a period of more than thirty years, for it was in 1911 that I paid my first visit to that surpassingly beautiful country. Later I lived in Tokyo and Yokohama for several years and for more than a quarter of a century I was a visitor to Japan almost every year. Quite naturally I knew a great many Japanese. In fact my acquaintances and friends range from the higher brackets of millionaires and premiers to the lower brackets of geishas and house servants. I grew very fond of some of my Japanese friends.

I liked especially my old Japanese cook, known to everyone as "electric light bulb" because of the luminous appearance of his shiny bald head. I liked him in spite of the fact that before I learned the ways of Japanese cooks he fed me horse meat and charged me for beef. His conduct did not set a pattern for others. I did a great deal of business with Japanese and although I had a few regrettable experiences and suffered many petty annoyances, I found them on the whole reasonably honest and trustworthy.

The Emperor Must Go

By CARL CROW

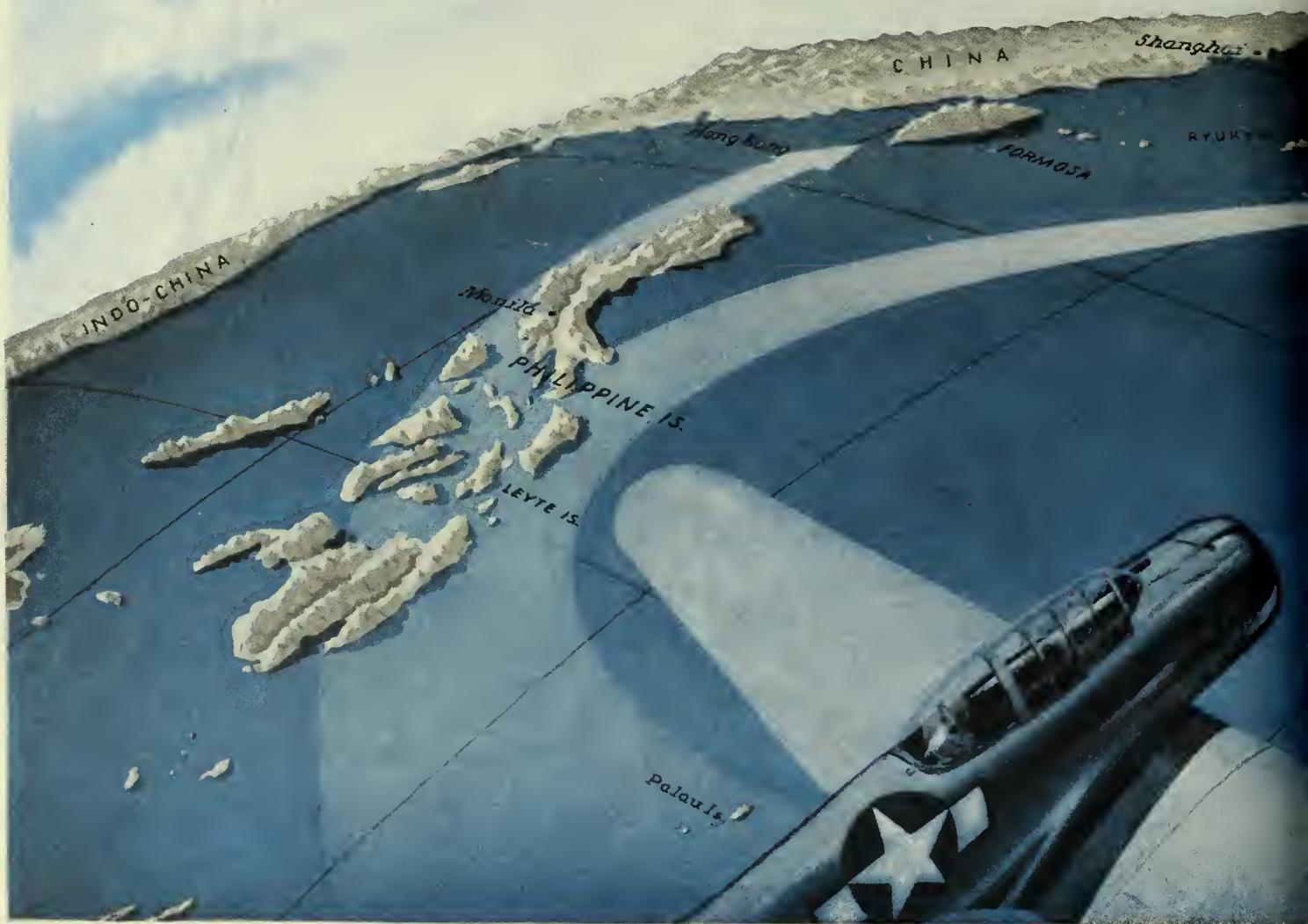
Carl Crow speaks with the authority of more than a quarter century as writer and business man in China and Japan. One of his books, *400 Million Customers*, was a best seller and has been translated into seven languages. His latest book, *China Takes Her Place*, bids fair to be equally popular.

Yet there is not a single Japanese I would trust for a moment on any matter where there was any question of national interest at stake. A great many Japanese have a very high sense of personal honor and the big business houses of Tokyo and Osaka observe commercial codes as rigid as those of fine old business houses in any part of the world. I know many Japanese whose word I would implicitly trust—on personal matters.

But when there is a question concerning the imperial ambitions of Dai Nippon—anything either great or small which may affect the prestige of the emperor—the code is an entirely different one.

Anything that will add to the glory of the emperor or to the strength and power of the state is justified, whether it be murder, theft or betrayal of a personal friend. Of the many Japanese who have professed friendship for me over a long period of years I am sure there is none who would not cheerfully put poison in my soup if he thought my death would in any way contribute to the progress of that country. The

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Our Spearhead Navy

By PAUL SCHUBERT

FEW of us will ever forget the weeks that followed Pearl Harbor. The Navy seemed lame and crippled—our public had an uneasy sense that American sea power was a hollow shell. As for our British allies, hadn't they lost the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* to a handful of Japanese planes?

Was Japan going to do to us what Germany had done to France? It seemed possible, in the early weeks of 1942.

The Japanese tide engulfed the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore . . .

Today, in 1944, times have changed. The tide is flowing the other way. Riding that tide, the American attack is spearheaded by a United States Navy no longer helpless and on the defensive, but able to wage offensive warfare six thousand miles from

bases on our North American homeland.

Our new power was brilliantly demonstrated during our landings in the Philippines in October, 1944. Preliminary to this ambitious tri-phibious undertaking, Admiral Halsey's U. S. Third Fleet raked Japan's sea and air defenses from the Ryukyus to Formosa and Luzon in a power-sweep which took American men-of-war within 100 miles of the Formosa coast. Meantime Vice-Admiral Kinkaid's U. S. Seventh Fleet was covering the actual seaborne invasion of Leyte.

Here was that penetration of Japanese waters which the Navy of Nippon had always anticipated—and promised to crush. The enemy promptly came to sea, with all the strength he could muster—all his battleships, plus his best carriers, together with what he had left in cruisers and destroyers.

He sent his battleships in two groups, to try and pinch off the Leyte landing—apparently he thought he could deal with Kinkaid with battleships alone, supported by his land-based aircraft. To divert and block off Halsey's mighty Third Fleet, Japan used four aircraft-carriers, rather lightly escorted!

The resultant series of battles saw a show-down test between the two navies in every form of modern sea fighting, by day and night, with gun, torpedo and bomb. Japan was decisively defeated at every phase of the fighting, with the extraordinarily heavy casualties of 55 Japanese ships sunk or damaged during the five days between October 22 and 27! Here is the best evidence yet of the change in Pacific sea power since 1941.

This change is not an accident. It is the



Our Navy's refusal to admit that carrier planes couldn't slug it out with land-based planes is one reason for its brilliant victory in Philippine waters, says this naval authority. The ability to set up advance bases is another

result of two fundamental naval innovations, both present in the Navy in embryonic form on the day of Pearl Harbor—both turned into reality in the months since Pearl Harbor, by American ingenuity, hard work, and guts.

One of these innovations is the American "battle pattern"—the two-fisted combination of very large carrier-based air striking forces plus an unprecedented wallop in gun hitting power.

The other innovation is our Navy's capacity to set up operating bases as it moves forward—to cut itself adrift from the old dependence upon massive fortified naval harbors prepared in peacetime . . . to make places like Kwajalein and Saipan better assets than places like Pearl Harbor.

WHY did the Japanese figure they could lick us—at any rate, hold us off from the vast Pacific "Empire of Con-

quest" which they had grabbed in 1942?

Japan's plan was based on two arguments which seemed very plausible in 1942, but which our Navy has since exploded in a score of battles. 1. The so-called supremacy of land-based planes over carrier-based planes. 2. Our dependence on "bases."

Britain had a remarkable string of bases all over the world. Our string was much more limited, but there was a widespread belief that if we went to war in the Pacific Britain would let us have Singapore to go with our own Manila Bay. The Japanese blasted all these plans to tatters by capturing Manila and Singapore, as well as Hong Kong and the Dutch bases at Soerabaya and Amboina in their 1942 campaign of expansion.

No wonder the Japs felt smug and confident.

OUR Navy, chronically up against lack of bases, has always had to face the idea of waging war from improvised bases. We have lived with the base problem every time we fought theoretical campaigns against Japan at places like the Naval War College. Lacking ready-made bases, we have thought up some pretty ingenious alternative solutions.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor the first advance naval bases we set up (both for sea and air operations) were at places like Noumea and numerous other islands, many of them still nameless for reasons of security. This line of bases covered our communications with New Zealand and Australia, essential if we were to keep the Japanese out of those places.

The second string of bases we set up veered northwest in the direction of Japan—Tulagi and Guadalcanal were typical.

(Continued on page 38)



Those GI Loans

By RAY TUCKER

Who lends the money?

How long before I'll get it?

What's the limit — \$4,000?

Can I buy a bulldozer?

Can five of us borrow to start a business?

DEMOBILIZED service men and women seeking a government guaranty of loans under the GI Bill of Rights should "take it easy," according to Veterans Administrator Frank T. Hines. By that he does not mean that an eligible should not try to obtain funds for himself (or herself) under the Congressional act. He simply suggests that World War II veterans should not encumber themselves with burdensome and unnecessary obligations.

Another constructive suggestion from General Hines is that the returned fighter inform himself in detail before making application. He should, first of all, obtain a copy of the regulations governing the type of loan he desires or needs. He can get these by writing to the Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C., or to any of its fifty-three regional offices. Every American Legion Post will have a supply or can obtain them.

The prospective borrower should study these provisions religiously. Depending on whether he wants money for a home or repairs, to engage in business or industry, to buy a farm or tools, he should talk to experts in these various fields. Lastly, he should make a hard-boiled inventory of himself and his economic hopes and prospects before he applies for a loan guaranty.

There is no need to rush. Any qualified ex-soldier may take advantage of the loan features of the law within two years after separation from the service, or within two years after the war has been declared "fini" by the President or concurrent resolution of Congress—whichever date is later. He MUST apply within five years after the termination of the conflict.

To be eligible, he must have served actively in the military or naval forces on or after September 16, 1940, for ninety days or more, unless he was discharged after a shorter period for injury or disability "incurred in service in line of duty."

Secondly—and importantly—the Government makes no loans. It merely guarantees 50 percent of all advances, but the total amount guaranteed cannot exceed \$2,000. Uncle Sam will guarantee no loan on which the interest rate exceeds four percent. For the first year the Government will pay the interest charge on the amount guaranteed.

With almost a million-and-a-half already demobilized, and Germany groggy, the number of eligibles grows larger every day. But the several thousands of inquiries at the Veterans Administration reflect considerable misunderstanding about the law. So, here is the A-B-C on how to go about getting that federal guaranty:

Once the veteran has decided how much and for what purpose he wants to borrow, he finds a lender. The latter may be anybody—an individual, a bank, an insurance corporation, etc. He may even be the soldier's father or brother, although the need for keeping books may operate against large-scale participation by relatives.

Banks will undoubtedly handle most of these transactions. Financial institutions have already promised to co-operate generously. Moreover, four percent money for purchase of homes and farms is now available almost anywhere.

After the veteran has explained his wants to the proposed lender, the latter will satisfy himself through the Veterans Administration (1) whether the ex-soldier meets the general eligibility tests listed above; (2)

whether he has obtained any other loans that would diminish the amount available as a guarantee, and (3) what appraiser should be used to make the appraisal.

The lender will also obtain a credit report on the GI. Many, of course, will have no credit background because of their youth when they joined up. So this inquiry will simply be designed to discover whether he has any major debts large enough to affect the amount advanced or repayment prospects on the loan.

The lending agency then forwards these documents to an agency designed by Administrator Hines, who will receive a recommendation from the processing agency and will base his decision on that data. When the system has been perfected, the time between receipt of the application and final approval or denial may become quite short.

If the application is approved, General Hines will so inform the lender and the veteran. Then the Administrator will execute a loan guaranty certificate and send it to the lending agency with instructions on how to close the deal. Thereafter, the matter is handled as a private transaction between the veteran and his financier.

A comparatively-unknown provision provides that two or more people may obtain a guaranty together. A husband and wife, if they served with the colors, may finance a small business. Ten Air Force veterans may organize a feeder airplane service, carrying mail, express, passengers. They might consist of four pilots, four mechanics, a salesman a business manager. They could get a guaranty of \$20,000 on their loan.

In no case of this kind, however, will the Government underwrite more than \$2,000 apiece. And they will be held responsible for repayment as individuals, not jointly or as a corporation.

In determining the soundness of a loan for which a federal guaranty is sought, the same general factors that surround a private transaction will apply. The veteran himself and the banker should take every precaution to see that the money thus obtained is spent wisely, and for the ex-soldier's permanent welfare.

The applicant's present and prospective earning power will be weighed if he wants to buy or build a home. The prices must be proportionate to his pay envelope. It must not exceed "reasonable, normal value." Determination of these questions will be the task of the real estate experts such as the appraisers and those employed in passing on loans.

The difficulties increase slightly for a veteran wanting funds and a guaranty to buy a store, an industry or a farm. The statute has identical safeguards to insure that the "old soldier" shall not waste money on foolish commercial, agricultural or industrial undertakings.

Briefly, there must be specific assurance that the borrower has a favorable chance to make good. He must not pay an excessive price. He must demonstrate that his experience and ability equip him for a possibly successful operation. An East Side New Yorker might not be a good gamble as an oil operator or a sheep raiser. But he might be a likely risk as a garage owner or ship-supply merchant as a result of Army or Navy training.

Here are a few bread-and-butter realities for the veteran to consider:

The demobilized and ambitious youngster might want to open a grocery, notions or specialty store in his home neighborhood. But it may be that already there are enough or too many retail outlets in that area. Then it would be up to him to find a less competitive district. The same considerations apply to the launching and location of any business or industry.

Commercial congestion, however, need not be a final barrier to a loan or guaranty. The ex-soldier might believe that he could give the customers better and less costly service than existing rivals. Perhaps he could, after his experiences in trading his GI shirt for eggs and oranges with North African Arabs. But he must prove that to the satisfaction of General Hines—and for his own good.

A would-be farmer might select a homestead of poor land for sentimental or neighborly reasons. Washington might refuse to underwrite a loan for that dubious experiment and suggest that he look elsewhere. Or he might decide to raise a crop in which there is already a surplus. Again General Hines' advisers would urge the veteran to shift to some other crop.

These fears may be only fanciful. Human nature's own laws should prevent their realization. It is improbable that doughboys will want to set up in an unprofitable business or on a do-nothing farm, whether they use their own funds or government-backed cash.

The Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944 gives a big break to the GI Joe of this war. Here is why:

Present-day fighters entered the service at such an early age that few had had previous gainful experience in any line. But under the law a veteran may first equip himself by learning a profession, farming, selling or a trade at government expense, as provided in the educational sections of the statute, and then borrow money under the loan guaranty provisions to finance himself afterward.

To be specific: A man who learned a smattering of mechanics or electronics in the service may attend a technical institution and become an engineer. A quartermaster GI may go to a school specializing in hotel or restaurant or wholesale operations, and master the business branches of those enterprises. A company clerk or paymaster may attend classes in finance and qualify for a job with a bank or industrial corporation.

What many forget, in discussing the practical effect of this phase of the GI Bill, is that a modern Army, Navy or Air Force is a great and varied educational institution. It prepares men for many different careers, and the GI Bill enables them to complete their education.

(Continued on page 49)



Scene 1: The Navy showed him how to cook the java and the beans



Scene 2: Your Uncle's own Vocational will take him on from there



Scene 3: And Uncle's GI Loan will help him start that restaurant



Hospital Ship

Paratrooper Cpl. Melvin Pruitt, Newport, Ky., with relaxing smile and his Silver Star

By ELLIOTT HAYES

Loud speakers of the public address system aboard the United States Army Hospital Ship *Charles A. Stafford* whistled shrilly to compel attention of nurses, crew, officers and the 684 wounded heroes of the war in Normandy who were hitting the homeward trail to America.

"Volunteers to donate blood are wanted immediately in the medical administration room on C deck," a voice announced.

On the boat deck aft, where walking patients were watching a movie of Deanna Durbin in *Nice Girl*, movement was noticeable. Figures arose among the group that had been watching the outdoor screen.

In half a dozen libraries aboard this newest addition to the Army's hospital fleet, men put down their books. In ward rooms, poker and gin-rummy hands were laid aside. From a post on the main deck a Merchant Marine officer with three gold stripes on his sleeves went below.

In one of two scrupulously clean oper-

ating rooms, with all the means of medical science at hand, a "GI Joe," whose leg had been mangled in the Normandy campaign lay on an operating table, fighting for his leg if not his life.

He was one of three critically sick cases aboard. The wound had never healed properly. It had sapped his strength and consumed his blood. A crisis had developed as the huge white ship, blazing with light and marked with big Red Crosses, plowed through placid seas.

Everywhere—now—there was silence in



Army Hospital Ship *Charles A. Stafford*. You knew it in World War One as the *Siboney*

**A heartening account of the
thoughtful care given the Purple
Heart men as they come back to
the land they served so devotedly**

the ship, in the spreading sea around, and in the operating room. Only audible sounds were the throb of the engines, and the breathing among men and women in the operating room, on deck, in the libraries, and the ward rooms.

Nurses garbed in slacks with a pattern of narrow brown and white stripes looked at the doctors. The grim medics looked back.

There were no words, but their eyes said so very plainly:

"He's put up such a wonderful fight. We can't give up now. We've got to save his life. We'll save his leg if we can."

In the medical administration room other nurses and medical men worked quickly, efficiently, with the three-score volunteers who had offered their blood as soon as the call for volunteers had come over the speaker system that reached every quarter of the ship.

From the group they finally chose a fellow just shy of six feet, with blond hair beginning to gray and a complexion as clear as a baby's. He left his jacket with the three gold stripes draped over a chair and followed a nurse to the operating room.

Later that evening the wounded man was back in his bed—breathing easily. The first crisis before I went aboard the *Stafford* from a sea-going tug that brought her into the Charleston, South Carolina, Port of Embarkation, was over. But there were others to come.

Before the ship was warped into her dock, the braid-wearing officer had given again of his blood to save the same man. In addition doctors had administered six shots of blood plasma.

When big cranes lifted gang planks into position at the docks, smooth-running ambulances—the best that money can buy—whisked GI Joe and two other "touch and go" cases off to Stark General Hospital, an Army installation near Charleston. There another group of medical men and nurses took up the fight to save these first three men off the ship on the homeward trail.

I don't know how this wounded man came out. A big hospital ship such as the *Stafford*, or any of its 21 sister ships, is a busy place. Its quiet efficiency belies the great activity that is constantly going on aboard. It is so unobtrusive that a casual visitor would miss it completely. This same thing is true in the port, where Brigadier General James T. Duke and his staff have



Reunion. Staff Sergeants Bozzi and Hewitt had last seen each other in the fighting around St. Lo

developed an evacuation procedure that clicks like clockwork.

But one thing I do know—James B. Smith of Brooklyn, the veteran ship's transportation officer who gave his blood—refused flatly to accept the \$10 fee for transfusion. Other members of the Merchant Marine who are assigned to duty with the Army Transportation Corps have done likewise.

Their action is typical of the spirit aboard the hospital ships. No stone is left unturned, no effort spared, by crew, nurses or medical men, or by the Army itself to give these combat veterans all that money can buy, all that human will can produce.

The *Stafford* is the former Ward passenger liner *Siboney*, which served as a transport in the last war and early in this war. It has been rebuilt and re-equipped at tremendous expense to make it the equal of most hospitals ashore and better than many of them. It resembles the finest modern hospital in every way except size, shape, building materials and location. It is operated by the Army Transportation Corps with the crew and staff assigned to it by the Merchant Marine and the Army Medical Corps respectively. It has two complete working units:

1. A crew of 138 assigned to it by the Merchant Marine and headed by Captain Nils Gelin, and,

2. A staff of 37 nurses, nine commissioned medical officers, one commissioned dietitian, 18 other commissioned officers and Lieutenant Colonel W. C. Keller, chief medical officer, who is hospital ship commander.

Heading the nurses—who have won the everlasting devotion of the wounded men

(Continued on page 46)



**Cpl. Whitaker, radio operator
for six months with the 8th
Air Force, back for treatment**



**Chaplain Fred E. Andrews,
1st Division, went with his
men in all combat operations**



Harry Boykoff, St. John's phenom, has just tipped the ball basketward. Inset, Joe Lapchick, super-coach



Bob Kurland, seven-foot center of Oklahoma A. & M., lets himself go all out

Joe Basketball Himself

By TIM COHANE .

DURING the finals of last year's National Invitation Tournament, the world series of college basketball, Promoter Ned Irish couldn't have found standing room in Madison Square Garden for The Invisible Man. The game was the kind that frequently produces a heart-attack obituary. Early in the second half, with St. John's of Brooklyn leading De Paul of Chicago, 35-30, the scene and the sound effects were as an indoor thunderstorm, with the players the flashes of lightning. Something or somebody had to give. He did.

To begin with, Coach Joe Lapchick, the tall, easy-going coach of St. John's, hasn't a cast-iron stomach. And, for over a week, the pressure of guiding his underrated Redmen to the tournament finals had made sleeping and eating necessary evils. Now Big Joe slumped forward on his seat near midcourt. The pandemonium swept on unheeding but Doc Vitulli, St. John's trainer, rushed to Joe's aid.

Lapchick didn't lose consciousness completely, but a sick stomach lured him to the border. Until the Doc's ministrations brought him around three minutes later, he knew no more of what was transpiring on the court in front of him than the veriest Lama in far Tibet. But during that three minutes St. John's outscored De Paul, 13-0, to take a 48-30 lead. A hasty glimpse of the scoreboard and Doc Vitulli knew complete recovery was assured.

"What a blow to master minding," Lapchick laughed afterwards. "If I had passed out for the full forty minutes, there's no telling how high a score we'd have run up."

But Howard Cann, New York University's coach, had a more serious summation. "Lapchick's team was so well drilled," said Cann, "they played the tournament from memory. If it hadn't been winter, Joe could have gone fishing."

Last year's tournament was billed as a glorification of goaltenders. Oklahoma A. & M. brought seven-foot Bob Kurland. Bowling Green from down in Kentucky offered six-foot, eleven-inch Don Otten. De Paul, the solid favorite, functioned around George Mikan, a super-operative standing six-nine.

Seventh-seeded St. John's had given the armed forces its own steeple of the tournament champions of the previous season, record-breaking Harry Boykoff, as well as Fuzzy Levane and Larry Baxter. The Redmen had won the 1944 Metropolitan title from a mediocre wartime field and were classed as a box-office selection which would do well to survive the first round. Lapchick's players had been beaten by Canisius and Temple shortly before the tournament opened, and Dick McGuire, voted the most valuable player in the New York area, had been directed to Dartmouth by the Navy V-12 program.

Yet, St. John's confounded everyone. They cut down the beanstalks, put the sword to the giants. They outslicked the altitudinous Otten to get by Bowling Green in the first round. Then they outplayed Kentucky in the semi-finals to avenge a regular-season setback. Finally, they forced Mikan out on personal fouls and outran De Paul to win it all.

Learned analyses of how Lapchick had equipped his players with imaginative and resourceful offenses and defenses to solve the problem of each game and each rival star were offered as the answer to the most dramatic story in sports since Great Lakes' last-minute football victory over Notre Dame.

"St. John's was not a great team," said a coach, "but in the tournament it played like one." Other commentaries stressed the improvement of Bill Kotsores, adjudged the tourney's most valuable performer, and

Ivor Summer, a gangling, bespectacled and hitherto immature six-footer who was a leech on Otten and Mikan.

Directly or by implication all this was deserved praise of a shrewd, painstaking coaching job on a group of inexperienced 4-F's and freshmen, but it didn't include the real explanation: the influence of Lapchick's personality on his players. Like all superior managers and coaches, Joe is an accomplished practical psychologist.

The day before the tournament opened, St. John's held a workout in the Garden. At the end of it, Lapchick called his players together. "The winner of this tournament," he told them, "is going to play the winner of the NCAA tournament in a Red Cross benefit game, same as last year. They'll need press stewards that night, and Ned Irish was kind enough to ask me if you fellows will be available to work."

There was ten seconds of silence before Murray Robinson, an unsung substitute, spoke up.

"What do you mean, work as stewards, coach? We're going to be out on the floor that night." The other players stirred.

"Darn right!"

"You said it!"

"Let Irish check his own coats!"

"Stop popping off," Lapchick ordered, but he laughed to himself.

Joe manages to rule his players with an iron hand by using it most of the time only to pat them on the back. St. John's captains aren't elected, they're appointed by Lapchick. It's an honor with responsibilities not confined to the court. Part of the job is to keep Joe apprised of how the players are faring in class, and if they have any personal worries.

Soft-spoken, well-groomed, courtly of manner, Joe Lapchick could pass for a professor of mathematics who took book courses on basketball at some summer coaching school because somebody had to handle the team. Actually, he lived a robust, D'Artagnanlike professional basketball career for 17 seasons, 14 of them as the center of the immortal Original Celtics.

The experiences of those days have been invaluable to Lapchick's coaching. When the Shamrock-jersied wonders were winning all but a handful of 110 to 125 games a season, they discovered their sternest opposition came not from the smart teams but from outfits that played hard every second and harbored no respect for reputations.

Despite his devotion to what the pro ranks taught him, much of Lapchick's success as a college coach comes from his disposition to accept the trends of the modern speed game with its dedication to the fast break, the one-handed shot and the Burroughs Machine scoring. His schedule at St. John's is two-edged, listing intersectional encounters with the wide-open Western teams as well as the traditional Metropolitan intracity games, featuring posses-



Boykoff, second from left, ribbed by teammates after scoring 45 points in a game

sion, the short pass and feint.

Ray Wertis, an Army dischargee, who usually came through with a tournament basket when St. John's needed one most, is a prime example of Lapchick's ability to get 100 percent out of a player. Wertis is not an authentically great courtman, but he plays with an all-consuming concentration and purpose. As a result, his eternal hustle lifts him to occasional peaks of greatness. Ray is also an acceptable amateur mimic. When Ivor Summer was playing a listless game early in the season, Wertis would amuse the Redmen's locker room with a slow-motion imitation of the freshman center going up after a rebound. Lapchick permitted the horseplay with a purpose. Summer laughed himself, yet the mimicking also goaded him into the improvement he displayed in the tournament at the Garden.

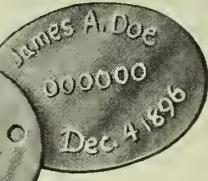
Summer had the unenviable task of trying to replace Boykoff, a self-effacing Jewish boy who stooped his shoulders and half buckled his knees so an examining doctor wouldn't comprehend his six feet, ten inches and keep him out of the Army. When Boykoff returns to St. John's after the war to complete his course, Lapchick believes he will develop into the greatest individual offensive threat basketball has ever seen. His record for one game is 45 points.

An opposing coach feels he has two strikes on him before meeting St. John's, if Lapchick has had a chance to scout his team. "Let him get one peak at your offense," is the gripe, "and he'll come up with a defense that will pin your ears back."

Harmon of Toledo University in a thrilling try for a basket

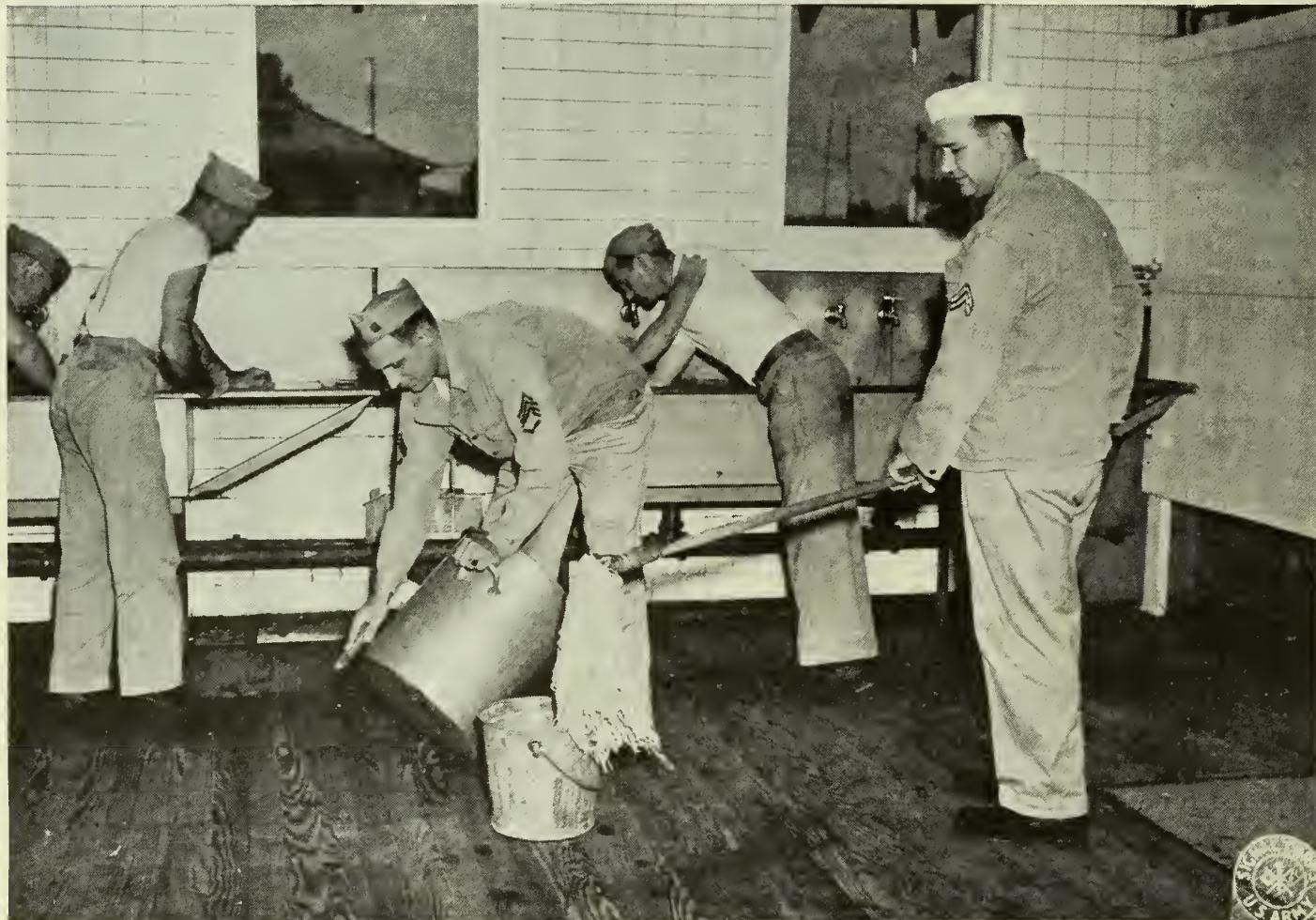


George Mikan, De Paul brilliant, who gave St. John's trouble



DOG TAG DOINGS

News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



It's not an optical illusion—that above. The mess sergeant and cooks of a company at Camp Lee, Virginia, pitch in and help the K. P.'s. No wonder bucks volunteer for that job

FTER displaying in these columns a couple of issues ago that photograph of a GI being served breakfast in bed—which we more than hinted was a phony—we wouldn't be much surprised if our uniformed and formerly-uniformed audience raised eyebrows at the scene depicted above. This time, however, it isn't a gag—those sergeant's and corporal's chevrons weren't borrowed for the occasion, the mop and bucket and brush aren't mere stage props, and the setting is an honest-to-goodness kitchen in an army camp messhall.

If seeing isn't believing, here's the story as related by Sgt. George E. Toles of Camp

Lee, Virginia, and officially endorsed by Maj. J. U. Tierney, Public Relations Officer, and by Lt. Cherney who, we feel, rates at least a Distinguished Service Medal (issued by the buck privates of his company):

A real K. P.'s paradise can be found at Company E, 13th Army Service Forces Regiment, here in Camp Lee. Take it or leave it, but GIs in th's company *volunteer* for K. P. duty—and there are always more applicants than jobs available.

This unique situation wherein K. P., one of the most disagreeable tasks in the Army, notwithstanding its present euphonious nomenclature of "Mess Attendant," is made so attractive that GIs fight for the

privilege, is attributable to 1st Lt. Colburn G. Cherney, former Chicago attorney, now C. O. of the company, and to Mess Sgt. Charles Hubenthal who has been four years in the Army including seven months as a combat engineer on Guadalcanal. Hubenthal, upon his return, served on K. P. in this company and resolved that if he ever became boss of a kitchen, he'd make it a GI's dream.

Today the mess sergeant, Hubenthal himself, and the cooks help scrub floors and wash dishes, don't browbeat men by pulling rank on 'em, and assure them of Sundays off. It's hard to believe, I know, as mess sergeants and cooks have the reputation of being tougher than top kicks

and more temperamental than concert violinists. But *not* in Company E.

Says Pvt. Elmer S. Swarthout of Covington, Ky., "Guess you think I'm nuts volunteering for K. P. But in this outfit, it's a swell deal. The mess sergeant treats us like human beings, we're sure of Sundays off, and you should see the cooks get down on the floor and help us scrub." Pvt. Ray R. Clifford of Clarksburg, W. Va., adds, "Everybody co-operates. The noncoms don't holler at us," and Pvt. Lelan H. Elton of Nashville, Tennessee, gives voice to these thoughts; "We get through early each day because everybody pitches in. It's only a ten-hour job, not thirteen like in some outfits."

Lt. Cherney likes the volunteer K. P. system, too. Says the Loot, "The volunteers like the job and as a result work much better."

We're somewhat dubious about broadcasting the foregoing story of Sgt. Toles, as the rush of applications for transfers to Company E might upset the entire training plans of the General Staff. Other mess sergeants and cooks may, on the other hand, take heed and seek to stop the stampede.

CAPTAIN Joseph W. Marshall of the Headquarters Company Service of Supplies, 'Somewhere in China,' reports our special D. T. D. operative in that theater of operations, "stages a barracks inspection every Saturday morning—not an unusual army event, except that he awards a plaque to the cleanest and neatest room. One week a crew took this matter so seriously that they hunted up shellac and improvised some drapes to make the bare Chinese barracks more attractive.

"Not so, one squadroomful of GIs who call themselves the 'Secret Six.' They stuck to fundamentals. Their room was clean and neat but it had no frills. Along with the shoes-laced-to-the-top-and-arranged-neatly-under-each-bunk, the captain found this poem:

GI's of the World Unite!
Down with curtains, frills and paint
That's for school girls, which we ain't.
All that's here is Government Issue
(Lacquered floors, we really miss you) . . .
Except the pin-ups—Lana Turner
Serves us for a Bunsen burner.
If use of elbow-grease and broom
Decides the issue, here's the best room.

(Sgd) The Secret Six

AND in that same area, it would appear that a native food has replaced the much-hated bean as the bête noir of the

Well, of all the dumb jerks!!—
You ain't gonna fool no Japs with
that Snake-skin camouflage!!



Third Marine Div.
2nd Raider Reg.

Praise from the Marines is praise indeed! This sign stands on one of the Southwest Pacific islands our forces captured

1st World War Army, according to this tale:

"A GI stationed in China sums up his feelings this way:

"When I get home, I'm going to put a big bowl of rice in the center of the dining-room table. And if anyone reaches for it, I'm going to cut his arm off!"

THIS department's invitation to men and women in service to submit photographs or snapshots of general interest, with supporting stories, anecdotes, gags and other material referring to our present Armed Forces is being accepted by more and more of our younger comrades-in-arms. That's gold in them thar contributions that are accepted! We pay for 'em!

We know that several millions of our fighting forces have more important things to do than to write to the Company Clerk just at this time and so we're particularly happy when parents of some of the boys act as agents for their sons. That picture of a signboard that is reproduced, for instance, came to us from Mrs. Mae Hanford of Gully, Minnesota, with quite a collection of snapshot prints she had received from her son, Donald Hanford, CM 3/c, of a Seabee outfit in the Southwest Pacific. Mrs. Hanford wrote:

"Enclosed are a number of pictures

which came to us from our son, Donald, who is stationed somewhere—on Island X—in the Southwest Pacific. I thought possibly one or more of the pictures might be of interest for your Dog Tag Doings department in the Legion Magazine which Mr. Hanford, as a Legion member, receives. I belong to the Auxiliary.

"Donald has a camera with him and sends his negatives home so we can have prints made. He and his tent mate have a developing outfit and have built up quite a business in distributing prints among their comrades. Donald enlisted December 4, 1942, and went overseas on July 3, 1943."

We liked that signboard picture as it is a fine tribute from the Marines—reportedly publicity hounds themselves—to a new branch of service which has made an outstanding name for itself in this war. The signboard, erected on one of the Southwest Pacific islands that our men have captured, is an outstanding example of unity and co-operation among the various units of our fighting forces.

HERE is something out of the ordinary that has been brought to our attention although we are sure that in our vast Armed Forces similar cases could be found. Writes Legionnaire Eddis Wesley Cain, Sr., of Roseboro, North Carolina:

"Camoo Flags," me eye!! This is a bony-fide python—and I'm bein' swallied whole!!





Who wants to get well? Carole Landis visits Sgt. Harold E. Joseph at a station hospital on New Britain Island. Lt. Pauline Carpenter, Army nurse, likes the party

"During World War One I served with Company I, 323d Infantry, 81st (Wildcat) Division. Now I have a son, my namesake, who for the past year has been serving in the very same company, regiment and Division in World War Two.

"It's strictly a coincidence, as he was sent from Basic Training at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, direct to Company I, 32d Infantry, 81st Division, without knowing to what outfit he would be assigned."

Did you hear about the ram that committed suicide when he heard The Voice sing "There'll Never Be Another You"?

—March Field (California) Beacon

DOZENS of smartly-written well-illustrated and carefully-edited magazines and newspapers representing the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and other service

branches on posts and stations and fields throughout the country, and a few from foreign parts, come over our desk. As builders of *esprit de corps* and morale, they're tops. And as a rule their humor column is not the least item in the publications.

The gag above is an example. Although the lack of a credit line doesn't always indicate that a gag is original, and we recognize some of them as rehashed jokes from our earlier World War, many are evidently brand new. We don't favor the idea of lifting such material—even with a credit line—and so we are inviting submission of new and original gags for publication in these columns. Two dollars will be paid for accepted jokes—and what GI Jane or GI Joe can't use a couple of extra shekels?

PIN-UP girls come to life are proving a big morale factor among our troops in far-off places of the world. There has been some criticism voiced about reported shortcomings of some of the stars of stage or screen that have gone forth on entertainment tours, but we'll not get involved in that argument. All in all, they're probably doing as swell a job as did our Elsie Janis of another war and the other entertainers we knew away back when.

We show a picture of one of the lucky GIs who enjoyed a private personal appearance of one of the glamor girls of Hollywood. The picture arrived with this story from Post Adjutant Louis S. Joseph of McKinney-Montgomery Post of the Legion in Will Rogers' old hometown of Claremore, Oklahoma:

"The enclosed U. S. Army Official Signal Corps photograph shows my brother, Sgt. Harold E. Joseph, receiving a real morale boost at an Army hospital on New Britain Island.

"After some seven months on New Britain Island, Harold was stricken by a tropical ailment while serving as an artillery code-blinker operator at a coastal post, and was admitted to the army station hospital. A few weeks after he entered the hospital, the first U. S. Army nurses arrived for duty—the first white women he had seen since his transfer from Hawaii.

"While still a patient there, Harold is reported to have run a temperature when a glamorous Hollywood star, Carole Landis, paid a surprise visit and spent an hour with him chatting about the good old States and giving him news of home happenings.

"It was then that the picture was taken. Carole is shown giving her autograph to Harold, while one of his nurses, Lt. Pauline Carpenter, Army Nurse Corps, smiles her approval.

"Incidentally, I too am a veteran of World War Two, having served with the Army Air Forces at Sheppard Field, Texas."

FROM "down under" comes an expression of interallied amity that we think you'll enjoy as much as we did. In an editorial commenting upon the fact that except for a few skeleton supply units, the American forces in the Southwest Pacific command have now left Australia and established their main bases nearer to Japan, the Melbourne (Australia) *Herald* writes:

"The billeting of one country's army in another country, even when the countries are the friendliest of allies, is always a test of character and good will. After two and a half years of friendly occupation, the American soldiers have not outstayed the fervor of the civilian welcome. Our war and their war is the same. When it has been won together, there will be no room for misunderstanding between our peoples."

NOW we offer a parting shot for this month, lifted from one of our service contemporaries:

One GI received a card from a defense worker. It read: "Having a wonderful time and a half."—Tail Skid, Lawson Field, Georgia.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



"If it's Parker you're looking for, sir, you'll find him goofing off under the P's."



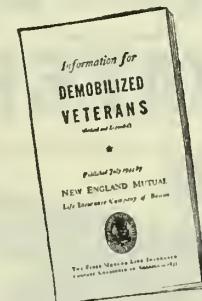
"Hup—two—three—TREAD!"

When you



get your civvies

get this booklet



WHILE you World War II members of the American Legion have been doing your part in insuring your country's future, and earning the gratitude of us all, you have also earned certain rights and privileges in civilian life. It's important that you know all about them as soon as possible after you hang up your uniform and ask yourself, "Where do I go from here?"

We have a free 24-page booklet called "Information for Demobilized Veterans," which contains answers to most of the questions you men are asking today. We know, because many hundreds of you have been writing us, from your homes, from hospitals, and from A.P.O. and Fleet P.O. addresses on all the fighting fronts.

The table of contents at right is based on the information we've had to get to answer your letters — and it's available for the asking, to all men in active service as well as to those who have been honorably discharged.

We offer it as our small contribution to help you get squared away in civilian

life. Send for your copy of "Information for Demobilized Veterans" today. A penny postal will bring it to you free of charge, along with a good-looking, rugged envelope to keep your discharge certificate and your service papers fresh and clean.

A NOTE TO WORLD WAR I MEMBERS OF THE LEGION

As your local Post of the American Legion welcomes returning veterans of World War II, we believe this booklet will be of value to you in helping them along the road back into civilian life. Write for a free copy today. We'll also be glad to mail a copy of "Information for Demobilized Veterans" to your relative or friend still in the service, if you'll send us his name and address.

"INFORMATION FOR DEMOBILIZED VETERANS"

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Highlights of the "G. I. Bill of Rights"—

How to continue your education, what loans are guaranteed, unemployment benefits and other provisions for veterans.

Your National Service Life Insurance —

How to keep it in force, how to reinstate it, how to convert it, with rates and illustrations.

What to do about —

Mustering-out pay, hospitalization, vocational training, pension privileges, getting a job.

New England Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Boston



George Willard Smith, President Agencies in Principal Cities Coast to Coast
The First Mutual Life Insurance Company Chartered in America—1835

How to give a drink Ear-Appeal!

HIGHBALLS mixed with Canada Dry Water sparkle out loud. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" insures a liveliness that lasts...keeps drinks full of zest.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda—is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home...it costs no more than ordinary mixers.



BIG BOTTLE
15¢
Plus deposit



CANADA DRY

The Life of
the Drink



WORLD FAMOUS DRY

WATER



THIS IS NOT THE "PIPE DREAM" OF A GADGETEER... Fact is, the one amazing thing about the Royalton Crown is its ability to keep everlastingly dry. You are not annoyed by acrid juices or slugs—these gremlins can't by-pass the condensing well and other patented Royalton Crown safeguards. Every pipeful gives you added dividends of smoking pleasure because bowl and stem remain sweet and dry. And it cleans in a jiffy.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. • OZONE PARK, NEW YORK

A LITTLE BLOOD

(Continued from page 9)

The supply detail crossed the valley and came to another open field pocked by several ominous holes. They were two-thirds the way across when the krauts started shelling. Great gobbs of turf and mud and wickedly singing fragmentation bracketed the area and Yanks ran like very drunken men under the precious freight they carried. One fell and tried to get up, found he could not and started crawling. Mansky and Burgo went back out there when the shelling had ceased and found a red-headed kid sprawled out near a shell crater with shrapnel through his leg. Mansky said, "I'll send a stretcher as soon as we git to the CP, kid. Use your morphine syrette if it hurts bad."

The soldier mumbled, "Messed things up, didn't I, Sarge?"

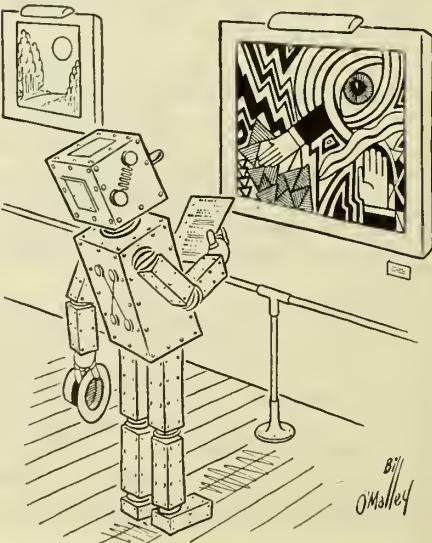
"Nuts," Mansky said, patted the wounded man on the shoulder, and hurried away.

They reached a donkey path ankle deep in mud and it led them to the battered remains of a farmhouse that was the CP. A lieutenant colonel warned them the rest of the way was hazardous. Mansky heard the *harumph* of the guns even as the officer spoke, and he spat into the dirt. "Okay," he finally said to his detail. "Lift them bags, tote them bales. This ain't heroic stuff like flyin' into the wild blue yonder."

"You're doing as important a job as any branch of the service, Sergeant," the brass hat said magnanimously. "Every single one of us is part of a whole here and back home and if one forgets to do his job hundreds of others might suffer."

Sergeant Mansky had heard all that before. He said, "Come on, heroes," and put his fifty-pound case on his shoulder and began humming a popular tune. Less than a half hour later, he waded through muddy water up to his armpits and the

(Continued on page 39)



SUPPORT

Until the last knock-out blow is delivered to the Axis Powers it is our job at home to continue backing our Armed Forces by buying

MORE WAR BONDS

trees. Sergeant. We can't ever have enough."

"He would of lived if he'd got enough." Mansky said. "That's the hell of it."

"It is," the medic said wearily and walked away. While he got his wound dressed, Mansky watched a Medical Corps man take some things out of the dead soldier's pockets and one of them was a letter that was grimy with too much handling.

The medic opened the letter and read it, then swore and crumpled it in his hands. After awhile he stopped staring at the floor and he got up and saw the question in the sergeant's eyes. He came up to Mansky and said, "Sometimes these things require an answer. What would you do about this one?" and thrust the paper ball into the sergeant's hands.

Outside the tent, his back to the sun, Sergeant Mansky let his tired brain absorb the delicate handwriting slowly.

"Dearest Son: We were so relieved to get your letter; it seemed ages since we had word from you . . . there isn't much in the way of news. Last Friday night Craig's hardware store burned down and there was

plenty of excitement. . . . John Crawford has been accepted for the air cadets and it seems only yesterday I received the announcement of his birth. Your father is working very hard at the office because of a shortage of help, but the extra effort seems to agree with him. . . .

"I missed my appointment with the last blood bank in Bainbridge because I found I had to attend a very important meeting of the Parent-Teachers, and by the way your father acted you would have thought that one pint of blood more or less would serve to upset all invasion plans. . . ."

Sergeant Mansky read no more. He kneaded the already-crumpled letter into a tight ball and flung it against the side of a muddy Jeep, then walked down the hill muttering to himself. Private Burgo intercepted him at the multhead. "What's eatin' you, Sarge? What's wrong?"

"Huh?" Mansky put on the brakes and glared at the supply man. "I'll tell you, rabbit-head! Somebody, somewhere, is always messin' up the detail, that's what!" He splashed into the creek, unmindful of the warning screech of an approaching shell, anger showing through the mist that was in his eyes.

THE EMPEROR MUST GO

(Continued from page 19)

great business houses with long traditions of honesty and fair dealing all helped the army smuggle heroin and morphine into China and helped flood the country with counterfeit money.

Japanese criminal law is strict and, according to our standards, is cruel. The courts assume that any one accused of a crime is guilty unless he can establish his innocence. Their third degree makes our police appear like a bunch of sissies. Petty offenders serve long terms in unheated jails. But patriotism excuses everything and will condone the most heinous crimes. A man may commit the most cold-blooded and deliberate murder but if he claims that he was actuated by patriotic motives he will either escape punishment or be let off with a very light sentence. In the past thirty years there have been more than a hundred political assassinations and no assassin has ever been adequately punished.

This so-called "code of the samurai" which condones everything done for the glory of the emperor is not the code of any one particular party or clique. It is not, as a great many Americans appear to believe, a code of the fanatical military party. It is more universal in Japan than is respect for the flag in the United States. It is taught in all of the schools where it is given much more emphasis than is accorded to purely academic subjects.

Indeed Japan's very peculiar school system explains a great many things about the Japanese people and shows how the whole

nation is moulded into one huge war machine in which each individual plays his part. Anyone who has read much about Japan knows that the country has a system of universal compulsory education. He may read a great deal without learning any more than that, because the Japanese have quite properly regarded their school system as something of a military secret.

The period of compulsory education lasts but a few years and is succeeded by a system of highly-restricted education unlike that of any other country in the world. In the primary school the pupils are taught to read and write and do simple problems in arithmetic, but the principal part of the

instruction is devoted to what is called "morals." This means that the child is taught that the Japanese people are descended from gods, that the divine emperor is the supreme ruler of heaven and earth and that it is the destiny of Japan to rule the world.

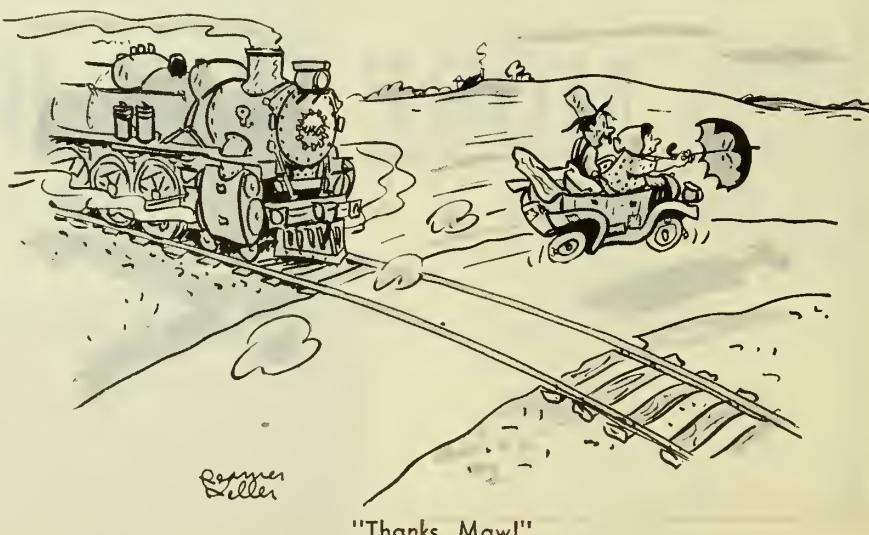
The grade schools can accommodate but a fraction of those who graduate from the primary school and again the high schools have room for only a few who graduate from the grade schools. Promotion to the higher grades is gained through competitive examinations. Very few fail to pass the examinations in academic subjects and the winners in these competitions are those who can expound most convincingly the cult of emperor worship.

The students who were sent to universities in the United States had not only passed all of these competitive examinations, but were also selected from families through whom the student could be controlled while in the United States. He was required to send home periodical reports on American life and these were carefully studied by Japanese officials. If these reports indicated in any way that the student was absorbing any liberal American ideas his funds were cut off and he was sent back home.

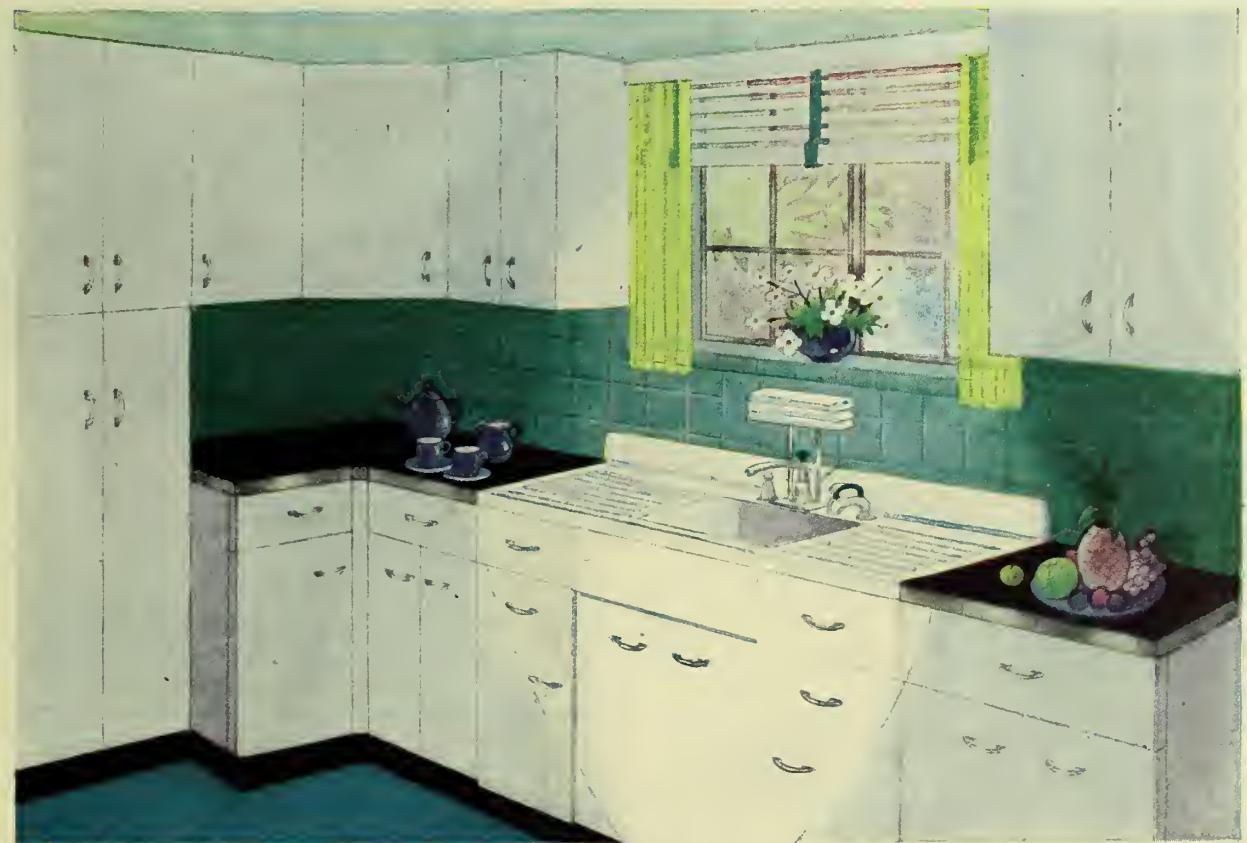
The effectiveness of this very highly-organized system of thought control is demonstrated by the fact that our bitterest enemies are found among Japanese who have spent four or more years in American universities. The fact that this intimate contact with American life at its best failed to make any impression on these visitors should indicate how absurd it is to talk about appealing to the "liberal element" in Japan.

If those several thousand students who graduated from the universities of America are fanatical supporters of the divine emperor theory, where can one expect to find a "liberal element" among the Japanese?

The unwholesome truth of the matter is



The world's busy spots



Hustling, bustling crowds are outward signs of a busy people. But we think the real busy spot in the home is the kitchen. • The new American Kitchens are bright, cheerful, convenient, adequately equipped with cabinet-sink and cabinet space, providing three convenient work centers for (1) Preparation, dish-washing, cleaning,

(2) cooking and serving; (3) ample storage, gleaming white all-steel equipment, smartly styled, ruggedly durable, magically convenient. • Obtainable in separate units or as a complete ensemble. When? Just as soon as American Central's total war duties are brought to a victorious conclusion. Meantime — remember American.

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that there are no liberals as we understand the term. All believe that it is the destiny of Japan to rule the world and the only difference of opinion is as to how that rule may be established. Some wanted to work slowly and wreck the economy of other countries. Others itched for war. All were parties to the same plot and each played his part. It will be remembered that a great many Germans got out of Germany to avoid becoming a party to the Nazi war machine. There was no exodus from Japan. On the contrary, the unprovoked attack on China was hailed with great enthusiasm by all parties in Japan, including the Japanese pastors of Christian churches. A little more than four years later the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was looked on as providing evidence that the divine will of the emperor was extending its sway. *The Japanese were not coerced into war by a group of military gangsters. They had been preparing for war for more than fifty years and every Japanese knew it.*

No matter how the war may end and no matter what kind of peace treaty is con-

cluded, Japan will remain a menace to the peace of the world so long as the cult of emperor worship remains. The emperor is not a national god whose rule is confined to the islands of Japan and whatever the Japanese heaven may consist of. He is looked on as the one supreme ruler of the universe. Even the Japanese Christians accept this idea of divinity and justify it by a process of reasoning I cannot follow and will not attempt to explain.

IT IS of much more importance that this emperor cult be destroyed than for the Nazi cult to be destroyed in Germany, for it is much more dangerous. To execute the emperor as a war criminal would just be dumb, for it would not destroy the imperial line.

To compel him to end the war he started by making him attend the peace conference in person and place his own vermilion seal on the peace treaty would probably do as much as anything to destroy his divinity. A god isn't much of a god after he agrees to unconditional surrender.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Edward Gibbon in his famous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* tells of a memorial found among the effects of the Caliph Abdalrahman of Spain, who flourished in the tenth century: "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to FOURTEEN:—O man, place not thy confidence in this present world!"

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Use POLIDENT Daily

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

38

SPEARHEAD NAVY

(Continued from page 21)

We began building the third string of bases about a year ago, and what a string it is! Tarawa was the cornerstone. On that we built Kwajalein—this atoll gave us anchorage for an entire fleet! Then Saipan-Guam, perhaps the most important of all. Then the Philippines!

This sequence is epic. Imagine each of these places at the end of the fighting—stinking, war-torn, horrible in desolation and destruction. Imagine the Seabees at work before the last gun is fired... Shops, storehouses, fortifications, ammunition dumps, locks, dry-docks—see the advance base leap into being as bulldozers growl and power-shovels bite the coral.

Here is America moving west, straight toward Japan...

THE other part of the story, the combat part, lay in the overcoming of that Japanese "land-based" air power.

The fact is, the struggle for air power supremacy in any given area has much less to do with the kind of flying field from which the planes take off, than with the amount of fighting power you get into the air at the combat spot.

Early carrier-based planes were usually inferior in speed and maneuverability to land-based planes of the same type. That was licked by the designers. By 1942 our carrier-based planes were on the whole superior in all departments to the Japanese planes they were called upon to fight. By the end of 1942 our carrier-forces and those of the Japs were down to nil after we'd swapped punches. But in 1943 our force grew by leaps and bounds, and in 1944 in recent months we have come to think in terms of a concentration of as many as 50 carriers, of 1,000 carrier-based planes in the air for a single operation.

Even on Formosa, right inside their own front yard, the Japanese air power found itself outconcentrated and outfought as our carrier task force steamed within 100 miles of the Formosa coast!

Yet carrier punch alone is not enough.

Our Navy has always believed in the gun-fighting ship as the partner to the carrier.

Guns and planes... ships and bases—Back of them all, men!

Men do the fighting. Ships, planes, bases and guns are only the tools of war. The really notable thing about our Navy's Pacific warfare has been the undaunted, aggressive spirit of the fleet. Men like Nimitz, Halsey, Mitscher and Kinkaid have it, and so have the host of lads whose names never reach print, the seamen and coxswains, machinist's mates and aviation radiomen, the gobs of a new generation who carry on with the spirit of the old Navy of sail and muzzle-loaders.

Our Navy is the spearhead of the war against Japan, one big element of the sea-air-land team. As long as American history lives, the rise of this Navy in the thirty-six months since Pearl Harbor will be celebrated as a great American epic.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AS A service to the men and women in uniform and to their families, and also to Legionnaires who want to keep pace with the global activities of World War Two, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (with the exception of fiction) that are sent to us by their publishers. All such books will be added to the comprehensive reference library of the Legion Magazine.

THE ISLAND—A History of the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal, Aug.-Dec., 1942, by Capt. Herbert L. Merillat, USMCR. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$3.00.

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN" by Chaplain David S. Lamb, U.S.A. Steven Publishers, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. \$1.00.



"Just where do you think you're going?"

A LITTLE BLOOD

(Continued from page 32)

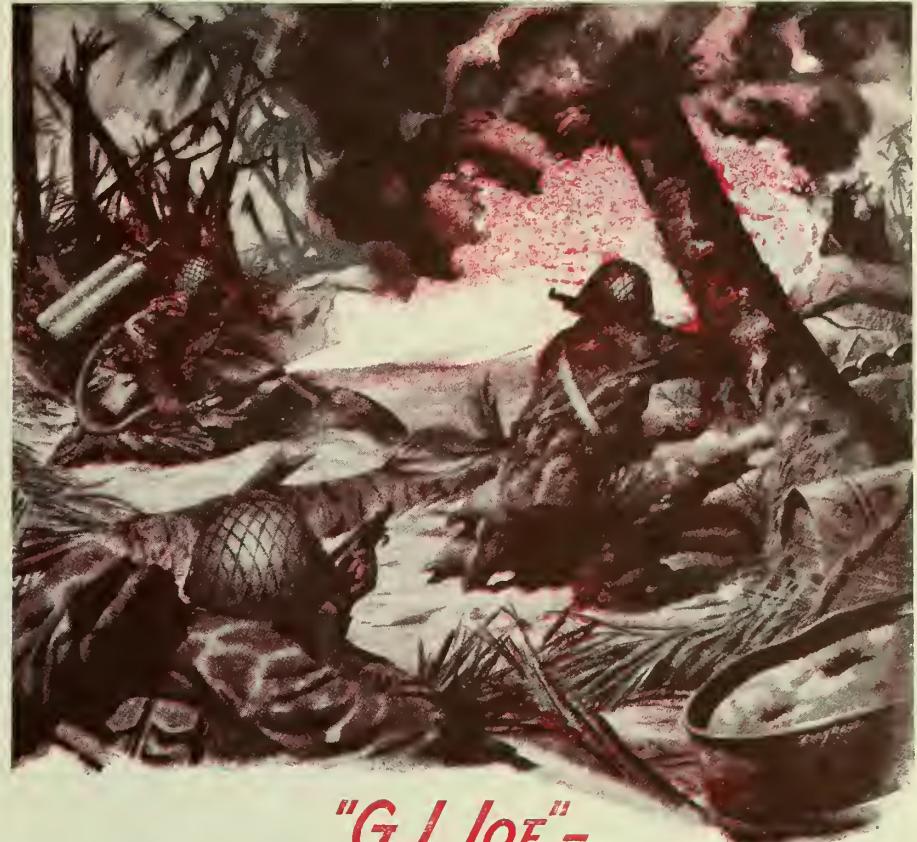
others were spread out at sixty-yard intervals to reduce the effect of the enemy shell-fire. The creek coughed up great geysers of shrapnel-charged water and mud and splattered the detail, making immediate identity of any one individual impossible. Off to Mansky's left a supply case went under and did not surface again. It was the spot, he thought, where Burgo had been.

When he reached the mulehead, Sergeant Mansky grinned and wiped the mud off his squarish face. His left arm was a little stiff and there was an ache shooting through it. A hundred yards up the slope there was a first-aid station and he plodded toward it after checking the detail. Four casualties, two of them not too bad.

The first aid station was a good-sized tent set in the lee of a rocky wall and the canvas on all sides of it was rolled up. There were five cots in the tent and all were full, and Mansky was about to ask for repairs when he saw the glass bottle fastened to a tent-pole and the strained look on a medic's face as he bent over the recipient of the plasma it had held. Another wounded man was resting on one elbow and staring at the bottle, a wooden match protruding from his teeth and chewed to a pulp.

The place was much too quiet. The medic suddenly looked up at the empty bottle and shook his head. "No use any more, men." He got up and walked out. Mansky's voice was thick in his throat. "Doc, that stuff 'most always brings 'em back, don't it? What went wrong?"

The lieutenant drew a wet sleeve across his forehead before he looked at the sergeant. "What went wrong? Listen, you have to have enough of the stuff. That little plane brought all they could spare down there because there's lots of others needing it. It doesn't grow on



"G.I. JOE" - SPARK PLUG OF THE ARMED FORCES



You know him all right . . . but not well enough. At least he deserves more recognition than he usually gets, more credit and more appreciation than he is usually shown.

He it is who is represented by that thin black line on the war maps in newspapers, magazines and on the screen. As one general has put it, "He is that line."

The ebb and flow of his blood determines the ebb and flow of the tide of battle.

Despite all the tremendous technological developments in modern warfare—it's still the Infantry that takes and holds the positions that

determine the progress of the war. The Infantry—"G. I. Joe, footsoldier, doughboy." Most of us think of him as a guy with a rifle and a bayonet. He's the world's best with both of them, too. But the infantryman has seventeen different weapons at his command. He it is who comes storming in from landing boats, wields flame-throwers, shoots bazookas, comes in behind the lines in glider planes, masters half a dozen knives and an equal number of shooting implements.

Yes—it's the U. S. Infantryman, the G. I. Joe of this war, who carries the ball. He's the lad who gets in there and fights it out. He's the "spark plug" of the Armed Forces.



"Well, dear, I closed that hundred thousand dollar deal!"



(Actual Size)

Among the infantryman's many weapons is the flame-thrower which is fired by the tiny Champion Spark Plug shown here, actual size. Like its larger counterparts for jeeps, trucks, half-tracks, tanks, and all the other vehicles on which our armed forces depend for mobility, it is a symbol of dependable ignition. Champions are on active duty on every front on land, water and in the air.



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LANDED ON LEYTE

(Continued from page 16)

carriers. The veteran 1st Cavalry Division, the 34th, 96th and 7th Infantry Divisions, with supporting artillery, amphibious tanks and other combat units, pour ashore. Second, third and fourth waves keep their places, ready to strike at five-minute intervals. The warships move in closer and resume heavy firing.

This is the day the people of America, the people of the Philippines—all the people of the world who prize their freedom and individual rights—had been awaiting for nearly three years. The day of partial revenge for that May 6, 1942, when Old Glory was torn from its staff on Corregidor and the Rising Sun flag of the Japanese empire was sent aloft to take its place.

"I shall return," said General Douglas MacArthur when, in March, 1942, in obedience to orders direct from the White House he left beleaguered Corregidor to establish headquarters in Australia. Now, after sixteen months and more than two thousand, five hundred miles of bitter fighting from Milne Bay, in New Guinea, from whence the offensive started—he did return in personal command of a seasoned army, backed by a powerful naval force, and in such strength as to insure a successful landing.

In selecting the invasion spot on the eastern coast of Leyte Island, midway between Luzon and Mindanao, a nice bit of strategy was involved—and again General MacArthur employed the element of surprise that has marked his progress all along the line of the two thousand, five hundred miles. The enemy anticipated the attack in Mindanao, southernmost of the larger islands. He was caught unaware when the American forces landed in force in the Tacloban area, in effect cutting the Nip forces in the Philippines in two.

The first wave hit the beach precisely on the minute. The ramps of the landing craft

are dropped and the men plunge out, wading ashore in a surf that is almost waist deep. There is little opposition. The enemy is still dazed and shaken by the terrific three-hour bombardment. PFC Thomas dashes forward, bearing the flag unfurled, closely followed by Corporal Dacones with the flag of the Philippines. They reach the line of coconut trees that fringe the beach and, side by side, the two flags are firmly planted in the soil of the Philippines. The flag had returned, and with it came men to avenge Bataan and Corregidor.

It is not until the second wave nears the beach that the enemy opens fire with mortars, machine guns and some light artillery. Some of the landing boats are hit and there are casualties, but the line does not waver. Wave after wave lands and the boats return to the mother ships to load the non-combatant units and their vehicles and equipment.

Colonel Aubrey S. Newman, commanding the 34th, came ashore with the fourth wave while the men on his immediate front were pinned down by machine gun and mortar fire. Long and rangy, the red-headed South Carolinian—the "Big Flame" his men call him—walked upright down the line calling on the assault elements to go forward. Bullets did not touch the "Big Flame." The two flags were drawing a heavy fire and to save the men who streamed past, the colonel ordered the colors removed until the immediate area could be cleared.

Enemy pillboxes open fire. Mortar bursts rake the beach. Some men fall, others dig in and dodge from foxhole to foxhole, or from tree to tree—Indian fashion—as the front line advances. Enemy positions are cleared and the line reaches the deep tank trap and swampy ground just back of the coconut grove. To the left, Kelly's Pool Hall, a strongly fortified position is giving trouble and will continue to resist nearly all day until it is flanked and cleaned out by charging, slashing doughboys.

LSTs push their way up to the beach—a couple are hit—and open their gaping jaws to disgorge tanks, vehicles of all kinds, munitions and fighting men. Amptanks are put overside from the ships and chug their way ashore, then waddling up out of the water like prehistoric monsters, pour a hail of shot into the resisting strong points. All day the amptanks serve as accompanying artillery. Landmines on the beach had been cleared by a detail of demolition specialists, but the deep tank trap in the rear of the landing point delayed the advance of the rolling forts for a short while.

There are casualties. American soldiers lie where they fell; stretcher bearers are coming back with the wounded. But the casualties are not as heavy as many of us feared—the beachhead was taken and held with a comparatively light loss in fatalities.

The battle continued under a scorching sun and the men shed their combat packs as

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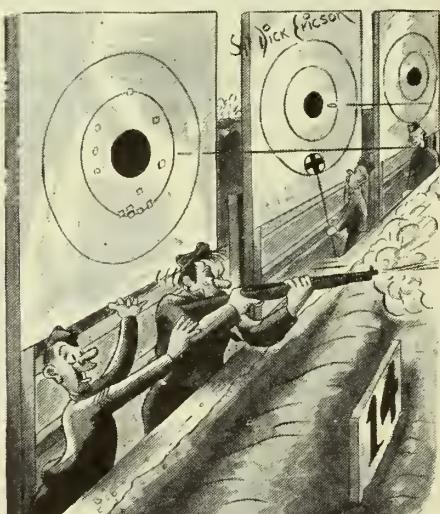
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BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND



"Ahoy, there!"

they advance, but just before nightfall the whole area is drenched with a heavy rain. The combat men, still fighting, pushed the Nips back against a range of hills. Scout dogs—fine big fellows of mixed German police dog breed—worked with the forward scouts like well trained bird dogs. They knew the smell of Japs—and hated it.

All day long the cargo ships pour out material, munitions, equipment and supplies to support the nearly one hundred thousand men set on the beach along the wide front. Hospital units are set up; engineers make roads for the trucks.

Streams of refugee Filipinos filter through the fighting lines to the American held sections, bearing their meager possessions on their heads—men, women and hundreds of children—frightened, ragged, hungry and not a shoe in the whole group. Many spoke English in a precise, school-room manner, without the use of slang or idiom. They told tales of oppression by the Japanese conquerors, who commandeered the scanty food supply, of enforced labor and of general mistreatment.

Night came. Those on the higher ground just back of the beach, though drenched with the evening rainfall, make beds in their foxholes. The men on the forward lines, fighting through swampy ground and rice paddies, have to lie in foxholes half filled with water.

Jap losses in killed had been heavy—rows of enemy dead marked the steady, relentless advance toward the first day's objective.

Three days later, on the front steps of the provincial capitol building, in liberated Tacloban, General MacArthur restored the civil government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines to President Sergio Osmena. "For you we are no conquering army," he said, "we are an army that brings you civic liberty. We are an army of free citizens like yourselves determined unto death that democratic processes shall not pass. We are democracy at war, intent only upon lasting peace and justice. That is the American way."

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GOOD BYE, O. D.

(Continued from page 10) the best possible method of separating officers and enlisted men from military service. Its staff, assembled from all Service Commands, consists of medical corps officers and men, of men who handle the vast amount of paperwork, and—note well—especially-qualified officers and enlisted men of wide experience in personnel work in civilian life who serve as Classification and Counseling Officers. This last group, before assuming their present assignments, were further qualified by a five-weeks course in the Separation Classification School, another pioneer Army unit at Dix.

In time, the Fort Dix Center will handle only servicemen who are residents in the Second Service Command, but to date some 35,000 from many States in the East have passed through the Center within a half-year period. Centers are now operating at Ft. McPherson, Ga., Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., Ft. Sheridan, Ill., the Presidio of Monterey, Calif., Camp Atterbury, Ind., Ft. Devens, Mass., and Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and many more will soon be activated.

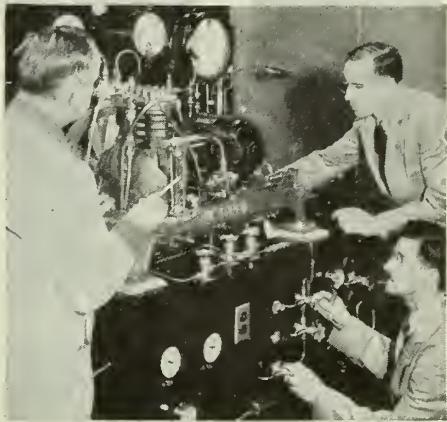
Suppose we follow the course taken by the GI Joes, brought together by ones or pairs or groups from camps throughout the nation—though many of those camps are merely way stops for men returning from theaters of operation in the Southwest Pacific, in the Aleutians, in India and across the Atlantic—during the last few days before they doff the O. D. We enjoyed that privilege under the friendly guidance of Lieutenant Henry Schoenfeld, Jr., of Milwaukee, a young officer who is one of the pioneer Classification and Counseling Officers at the Center.

Army buses and trucks disgorge groups of twenty to thirty men, laden with barracks bags and miscellaneous luggage, at the

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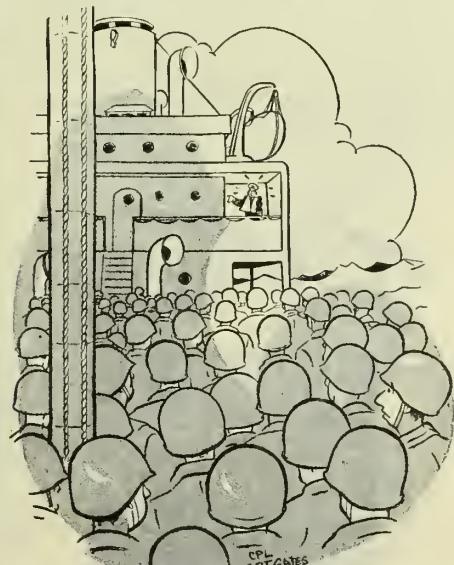
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door of the huge brick barracks which houses the Separation Center. Many are the causes that bring these men here—disabling illnesses, age, injuries sustained in training or in theaters of operation, distress at home, battle fatigue. This group is distinguished from men wounded in action who receive their discharges at the Army General Hospitals in which they have been patients.

The soldier makes his first official step toward a return to civilian life at the Initial Receiving Point, much like a hotel desk, with several clerks on duty. Here a locator card is prepared for each man after he turns over all of his records. Then his equipment and supplies are checked, those articles he is permitted to retain are designated, and the surplus picked up. He is issued bedding and assigned to a company and barracks to await his turn through the Center.

A standard question of newly-arrived men is, "How long does it take a fellow to clear through here?" Lieutenant Schoenfeld gave assurance that, without permitting the mass processing to become a mechanized routine procedure, an average soldier is on his way home within forty-eight hours after he checks in at the Center. Occasionally hitches occur when men arrive without proper orders, incomplete or no records, or without baggage.

At periodical assemblies of newly-arrived men, one of the Classification Officers welcomes the men to the Center and explains the general procedure which will be followed—a final army physical examination; completion of all military records; settlement of clothing and financial accounts which include final pay, travel pay and mustering-out pay, and the cancellation of allotments; a personal interview for each man in which he is given complete information as to his rights, duties and benefits upon return to civilian life. Each soldier is provided with a copy of a pamphlet, "Information for Soldiers Going Back to Civilian Life," so that he may study it preparatory to his trip through the Center.

In turn, groups of from twenty-five to thirty men are taken through the final

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steps toward receiving their separation. First in order, the medical examination is as thorough as science will permit. It should definitely assure discharged soldiers that they will not have to face the problems many veterans of the First World War had to meet and are still meeting in establishing claims for disability compensation. The process includes a medical interview, chest and other needed X-rays, a complete analytical laboratory test, surgical examination, eye, nose, and throat examination, dental inspection, hearing and vision tests, a neuropsychiatric examination—the results of all of which are carefully entered on the individual's medical record.

Passing on into a large room fitted with private booths, each man is personally interviewed by one of the staff of a dozen Classification and Counseling Officers. A concise statement of the man's military occupational experience is given to him, he is advised regarding the educational and vocational training to which he might be entitled under the GI Bill of Rights, about loans to buy a farm or home or open a business in which financial assistance is given by the Government. Problems of post-discharge employment are discussed.

Optional counsel, departing from the routine, is also given upon request. Suggestions as to how a man may put to benefit in civilian life specialized training he received in service are made. Even personal and family adjustments are frankly discussed with men who request such aid. A paramount feature of these interviews is to provide prospective employers and civilian agencies with information on what the Army knows of the experience and qualifications of the men being discharged. The basic purpose of the interviews is to enable a man once again to become a productive citizen.

Questions frequently asked by separates include: How can I get a job in the line

of work I learned in the Army? How can I appeal my discharge (in cases where other than white discharges have been given)? What about payment of bills I owed when I entered the service? I was injured during service and am all right now—but how about later?

For problems that need further attention, the counselors refer the man to such agencies as the Veterans Administration, the U. S. Employment Service, the Red Cross, The American Legion, and to various state and local community agencies.

A report of the interview is made on the Army Separation Qualification Record form, a copy of which is given to the separatee after being checked against his Service Record by the Records Section of the Separation Center. In addition to that specific work, dozens of men are there engaged in checking and preparing the final payroll record of each man, and, most important of all, in executing his Discharge Certificate.

Then comes the final step: As each man's name is called, he steps up to the gridded window in the Finance Section where he receives in cash his final pay, which includes salary accrued, less allotments and other deductions, his mustering-out pay and his allowance for travel pay, at the rate of five cents a mile, to his home. At the same time his Discharge Certificate and lapel button are handed to him.

As a civilian, still in uniform, he and his comrades pick up their luggage and step into a waiting bus which will take them to the Fort Dix railhead to start their journey homeward.

The work being accomplished at the Fort Dix Separation Center is an indication of the stupendous task which the Army will have to assume when the ten million or more men and women in uniform move toward civilian life after the war is ended. The Army will be prepared.



"What's this graveyard shift you-all refers to, Mister?"

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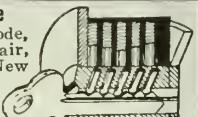
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HOSPITAL SHIP

(Continued from page 25)

—is First Lieutenant Margaret Diebel of Philadelphia.

"It was pretty hard when I first started, even for an experienced nurse, but it seems so little to do when I think of these men," Lieutenant Diebel said. Later, when I toured the ship, at times without an escort, I was to learn the full import of Lieutenant Diebel's words. I was to find out, too, why Colonel Keller said, "The nurses are marvelous. They work day and night. They know no hours. They never complain. It is matchless human performance."

When the *Stafford* put into Charleston she carried 684 patients—34 less than capacity. Of these, 352 were litter or non-walking cases. The patient total included 44 officers, two nurses and three enlisted WAC.

I had been sent by The American Legion especially to find out how well the hospital ships are being operated and to investigate handling, care and treatment of the patients. I was unescorted most of the time and the wounded men were very frank in their answers to my questions.

The thing which most impresses the visitor aboard the *Stafford*, or the *Thistle*, which followed her in, is the infinite quiet and patience of the men who have been fighting this war.

They smile, laugh, joke, play, but ever so gently and quietly. It isn't resignation or frustration that makes them that way. It is, more likely, a new sense of values, a full knowledge of the seriousness of war and of the results of war.

Colonel Keller put his finger on it when he told how the men reacted to word that the ship would be getting in a day late.

"Oh, hell, Colonel!" they said. "What is a day now. We can take it."

In rebuilding the *Stafford* at a cost of



"I'm leaving mine up for the shade"

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

\$4,620,000, the Army provided extra wide stairs and companionways to make the handling of litters easier, especially around corners.

The biggest wards accommodate about 80 patients. They are furnished with double-decked hospital beds having thick, comfortable mattresses and cranks to lower or raise either the foot or head of each bed.

The severe mental patients are separated into little groups to give adequate space in special rooms. Doors to these rooms have long panels of heavy steel screen exactly like that used in windows of mental patient wards in all good hospitals. They resemble ordinary screen painted with aluminum. "It is necessary," Colonel Keller said, "to take reasonable precautions against anyone going overboard." Consequently, some of the mental patients do not have quite so much time on deck in the open as others. However, they are not denied it, except in the most severe cases.

Walking patients have the freedom of the 522-foot ship with its 65 feet of beam, and six decks, on five of which patients are carried. This trip of the *Stafford* was its maiden voyage in the hospital service, as well as for the entire crew and staff.

"It is one of the smoothest and best ships I have had in forty years at sea," said Captain Gelin, a towering fellow of Norwegian descent. "It handles wonderfully, even in the roughest weather." His word is borne out by Colonel A. A. Baggs, medical consultant at Washington headquarters of the Legion, who went over on her in 1918 when she was a transport.

Major General Charles P. Gross, Chief of the Army Transportation Corps, explained that this was one of the reasons for putting her in the hospital service. Even when a big wave had hit her broadside during a short storm on the way over, piling Nurse Diebel up in a corner and spilling her meal in her lap, the patients were not disturbed.

"No. I didn't notice any roughness; it was all joke with me," said Sergeant James Schreiner, 26, of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, a former steel worker. Struck in the upper abdomen by shrapnel which coursed downward to his hip he lies flat on his back in an almost full cast. Yet he keeps a stiff upper lip and a stout heart. He wants most to see his dad and to get back behind the wheel of the 1938 Studebaker he left behind and then—to take some flowers to his mother's grave.

"I haven't anyone home now except dad," he told me. "Mother died while I was away. My brother—George, his name is—is in the Navy and my sister has married and gone to Washington."

"What will I do when I get out? I don't know. I haven't decided yet."

Close by, in a full body cast, lay Melvin Pruitt, 22, of Newport, Kentucky a former Cincinnati cab driver and only recipient aboard of the Silver Star—the nation's



"What else could we do? We were completely surrounded by that American soldier"

third highest award for bravery in battle.

"I can't wait to show it to my mother," he said, holding up the silk-lined little box where the folded citation that came with the medal was hidden beneath the star.

The citation, signed by the commanding general, told how Corporal Pruitt of the 508th Paratroop Infantry led litter-bearers through fire, past death, to save two wounded men in the fighting at Pretot in Normandy last summer.

There was at least one joyous reunion aboard the *Stafford*, involving Staff Sergeant Vincent Bozzi and Robert W. Hewitt, who hadn't seen each other since their infantry companies, part of the same regiment, got separated in the fighting around St. Lo last summer. Bozzi, who joined the Army at the same time as Bob, comes from Monongahela, Pennsylvania, and had been intending to get in touch with Bob's family in nearby Belle Vernon. When he heard his pal's voice they literally fell into each other's arms. Both are making a good recovery from battle wounds.

In another ward was John Skocki, 28, of Philadelphia, whose sole ambition at the moment is to get back to his wife and the daughter who was just starting to walk when he last saw her.

There were many other married men, too, all anxious beyond telling to see their wives and children. They had wanted, desperately, to be home in time for Christmas but this was impossible for many of them.

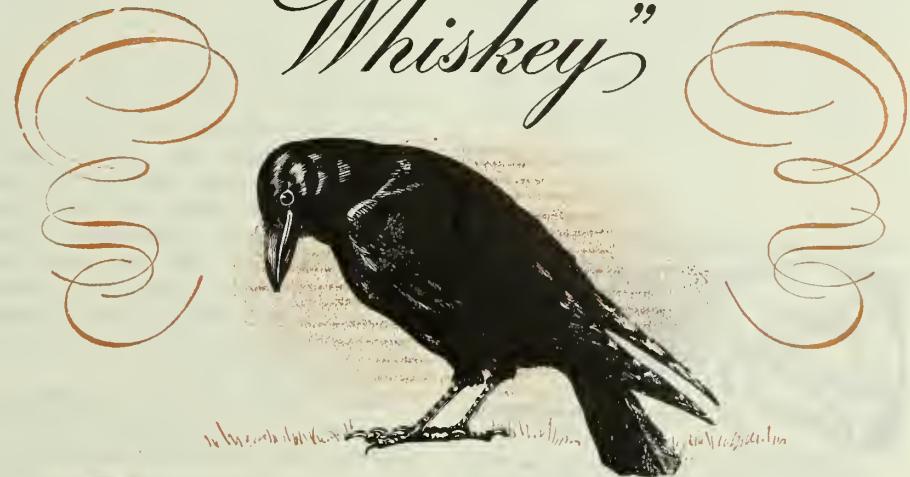
When they came aboard in England their first concern was for real food—the kind that can't be served at the battle front or



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under mass-feeding conditions. Captain Gelin had 257 gallons of ice cream, 8,000 quarts of quick-frozen liquid milk and 9,000 dozen fresh eggs ready for them. The milk was the first real milk and the eggs the first "eggs in the shell" which these boys had seen for more than a year, at least. Powdered eggs used by the Army are always scrambled. Powdered milk lacks real flavor.

When the *Stafford* reached Charleston after 10 days' travel there was hardly an egg, a drop of milk, a spoonful of ice cream, a coke or a slice of white bread aboard. The men gained ten to twelve pounds on the average during the trip.

First routine work aboard ship comes in the morning when nurses see that all are resting easily and arrange for washing, feeding, medical treatment and changes of clothing, bed linen and bandages.

After that, ambulant patients have almost unrestricted freedom. There are plenty of books in the ship libraries. Poker and gin-rummy games go on everywhere. Movies are shown at least once a night.

"Some of them would kill me if I told you that they did embroidery," Nurse Diebel said, "but they do. They make sketches and weave things out of material brought aboard by the Red Cross workers. They don't write much because they hope to be home soon."

During the World's Series baseball game, there could be no reception because the ship had only short-wave apparatus, but the radio operators posted a run-by-run and inning-by-inning record on a special scoreboard. The boys themselves have nothing but praise for the way they are being treated.

There was no hospital odor noticeable anywhere aboard the *Stafford* or *Thistle*. Every nook and cranny was spotless, spacious, light and airy. There are hundreds of things to say about these and their sister ships of the hospital fleet, but there is not space to say them. I would like to tell of the chaplains, the unloading operations and all else, but it just can't be done now. But I can say that no men in the world are treated as well as Uncle Sam's wounded.

RELATIVITY

"And he gave it for his opinion...that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together"—Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) in *Gulliver's Travels*.

—H. C. Lewis

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star." — Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (1755-1826) in *Physiologie du Gout*.

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THOSE GI LOANS

(Continued from page 23)

A veteran who wants to become a barber, watch repairer, radio operator or what-have-you, may learn his trade at an approved educational or training institution. During his training period he will be classified by the Veterans Administration as a student, and he will receive all the financial allowances available to youngsters who return to high school or college to finish their interrupted education.

And then—after he has prepared himself for earning a living—he may borrow money to set up in a large or small business for himself!

It should be understood, although few

seem to, that Uncle Sam offers no charity in this program; he does not believe his gallant sons want that. If a borrower defaults on the guaranteed portion of a loan, the Government will have the same legal recourse for recovery that any private creditor enjoys. The Administrator, however, may waive demand for collection if he finds that the veteran was without fault and that recovery would defeat the purpose of benefits otherwise authorized or would be against equity and good conscience.

Indeed, the law contains a paragraph to the effect that, if Congress some day authorizes "adjusted compensation" for World War II veterans, unpaid portions of government-guaranteed obligations shall be deducted from the money due under the bonus grant.

TASK FORCE

(Continued from page 15)

know, but there was one thing they were sure of. They knew that our attacking force would have to utilize a brand of surprise and speed that would make Light Horse Harry Lee and Phil Sheridan whirl in their graves. So they built their Task Force around a regiment of motorized infantry. They threw in some MPs for policing. They didn't know where the enemy would be in the first place, so they took the Division's Reconnaissance Troop to scout for them. They didn't know what type of resistance the enemy might offer, either fixed or mobile, so they figured out a suitable combination of tanks and artillery that could deal with almost anything. They felt that they might meet armored resistance, so they threw in some tank destroyers. They might meet some air resistance, so they included some anti-aircraft batteries.

They knew there would be rivers to cross, minefields to clear, road blocks to remove, so they took along some engineers. They needed signal men for communications. They requested and got the loan of two squadrons of fighter bombers for the purpose of escort and bombardment.

The job for this Task Force was to take the town of Mayenne first, then move into Le Mans by any or all means possible. The important thing was to get in there fast and waste very little time scrapping on the way. Therefore the general told the Recon Troop, "Don't look for the Germans. Just find out where they ain't." The Recons got the idea.

Now, a study of this force is interesting not only because of the concrete results they yielded in the drive on Paris, but because what they did and the way they did it gives us a good idea of what was happening on many stretches of dusty roadway throughout Western France, during the pursuit and liquidation of Field Marshal

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Dick Ericson was injured while acting as an instructor and platoon sergeant with the Army's Mountain Infantry at Camp Hale, Colo. He is now a first sergeant at Ft. Totten, N. Y.

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Four clues — can you "type" a man by them?



①

The pipe—it's a famous make. And a clue to the fact that he isn't easily satisfied, that he doesn't like mediocrity—it takes a really good thing to interest him.



②

The book—it's the work of a great historian. So it's a clue to his intellect. He has a fine and discerning mind. He appreciates fine things.



③

The slippers—not "homey" enough to indicate a man who has a lot of stay-at-home leisure. They're the slippers of a busy man—he gets around a lot, learns a lot about many things, has a certain travel-gained wisdom.



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